

SOCIALIST DISCOURSE

The Motherland  
Always and forever  
From border to expanding border

She's gone through some rough times in the past, but the Motherland has taken the time to powder her nose and hide her Sickle-shaped bruises, and she's ready to return to the world party. When she starts to boogie, she won't stop until everyone is shaking their sweaty thangs to her utopian beat.

Hey, America: you'd look a lot better without that itchy, Moores-brand capitalist suit. Let the Motherland work her red magic all over you. She's very gentle; you won't even feel like you're climbing the Odessa steps until you're already getting into line-ups around the block without knowing that's being sold.

Look out, Sweden: you've got the right moves, but it seems like you've forgotten a few of the steps. Take a few minutes to watch how your favourite baba does it, then start again. Everybody, take it from the top!

A Final 5-Year Plan  
I'm serious this time  
It'll work for sure

Alright, so here's what's going to goddamn happen this time: way, way more food in smaller line-ups. That was my mistake, I think. But it's okay, no use playing the blame game; we're socialists, after all, so don't look at me like that. So more food, then.

Also; that Ukranian thing? Okay, I get it. Biiiig mistake, and it won't happen again—unless we have grain shortages. We'll just ... woo her back! Yes! We'll get *all* of our satellites back. They like gifts, right? Something capitalist: a flattering pair of Levis jeans! Oh, how we'll all enjoy a good laugh over *that* one.

But I'm serious guys; this'll do it. Just five more years. Well, really, it's either that or we invade you and crush your painted eggs 'neath our heels. Chose wisely, but either way, it'll be the last choice you make without consenting everyone else.

12 Days of Che-mass  
Saturday, 8 December at exactly 7pm  
Bolivian Theatre

Ever wonder what Che would think of the world of today? Then the *12 Days of Che-mass* is a winner for you.

Watch veteran actor Ernesto Serena take this song of holiday capitalist propaganda and transform it into a parody of that foolish consumerist society. Brilliant and witty, the *12 Days of Che-mass* will not only convince you that money is the root of all evil, but also teach you the power of comradeship and sharing your miseries equally.

The Communist Manifesto in Klingon  
Reading by Kor Jor'dak  
Friday, 13 December at 1pm  
Your neighbourhood comic shop

Finally, translated back into its original Klingon, the Communist Manifesto will be read by the esteemed scholar Kor of the house of Jor'dak. Whereas Karl, of the house of Marx, had tried to bring the manifesto to people in English, I believe that the Klingon version carries a lot more meaning.

For example, the quote "Religion is the opium of the soul" has so much more meaning when you say "joH'a' 'oH wlj Devwl' jIH DlchDaq Hutlh pagh." And the quote "History repeats itself, first as a tragedy, second as a farce" feels all the more powerful when said as "arlogh Qoylu'pu"? With the sexy British accent of Kor Jor'dak, who could possibly refuse?

KGB AGENT #33  
Soviet Stealth Worker



Just another shitty band peddling you crap  
... except they're up-front about it. Turn that Dream Around! may suck, but that's all they aim for  
musicpreview

Turn that Dream Around!  
With Cramped Hand  
Saturday, 8 December at 6pm  
The Sidetrack Coffin

BALL SPINOFF  
Farts and Tarts

According to Turn that Dream Around!, most bands lie to you. They'll tell you how their sound is indescribable, unique, or some disgusting combination of today's hottest genres. Many more claim that their music is what the world's been waiting for, that they'll be the ones to write the song that "makes Israel and Palestine get along." But only Turn that Dream Around! will tell you the truth: they aren't just some shitty run-of-the-mill band; they're the quintessential shitty, run-of-the-mill, trend-hopping band.

"We're pretty comfortable copying fuckin' everyone," Heath Lanz admits over his Facebook wall. "I mean, come on: why bother doing something new when we can have modest

success for 2–3 years leeching off of others?"

The band formed after the three core members—Lanz, Derek Sparks and Mike Larocque—all met in detention after a high school band class. According to Lanz, it was a quite the moment.

"Mr Donovan was such an asshole. He was all like, 'you shot that spit ball,' and I was all like 'NUH-UHHH,' and he was all like 'UH-HUH,' and then [bassist] Derek was all like 'You're such a bitch, man,' and then, like, we all totally started to fight; Mike just kind of jumped in because he's got this thing where he, like, gets angry when he sees the colour red, and I totally broke Derek's nose, and he was totally all bleeding everywhere."

You might think that this is just a bloodied-up scene from the *Breakfast Club*, and you'd be right—they stole their history as well.

"Fuck yeah," is Lanz's only reply. "I, love that fuckin' movie!"

Now, two new members, six years, eight albums, and 15 MySpace views later, Turn that Dream Around! have got their songwriting formula perfected for producing mediocrity.

"Our songs start off with some kind of solo; maybe it's guitar, maybe it's drums. We do change *that* up," Lanz explains. "Then the rest of the instruments come in, like, one at a time

and really build up for fuckin' dramatic tension. Like, really build up, to, like, a breaking point, and then I shout "Go!" or "1, 2, 3, 4!" and we totally kick into the chorus—but without words, 'cuz it's not really the chorus yet—and play that for a bit.

"Then we go into a verse, which is basically just what you just heard but without the guitars, just bass and drums. The vocals stick to what we know—like, detentions and stuff—and then once we sing about that for a bit, we kick into the chorus, which we try to keep catchy and singable—whatever those shitty little fuck-arounds want to sing along to, we try to give them.

"You can quote me on that," he emphasizes. "Whatever those shitty little fuck-arounds want."

Despite the band's willingness to give fans exactly what they want, they're a bit hesitant to change up their tried-and-terrible style. Last time, it didn't work out so well.

"We tried adding cowbell, but Derek got really pissed, and next thing I know, I'd been in a coma for two weeks.

"We added that to the liner notes of our EP though," Lanz laughs. "Three of our five MySpace friends thought it was totally badass."

Just call him 'Dirty Bill'  
Newly found works of Shakespeare are lol-worthy  
bookpreview

The Unwritten Works of William Shakespeare

PIKE BLENDRICK  
The best of both worlds

Literary circles are excitedly discussing the recent recovery of a long-lost collection of literature. Discovered in an hidden WWII Bunker, *The Unwritten Works of William Shakespeare* provides an insightful new look into the life and work of one of the English language's most famous authors.

Containing such timeless should-be classics as *The Rapist of Dusseldorf* and *Othello 2: Helpin' a Brotha Out*, the collection contains over 37 plays, sonnets, and dirty limericks believed to have been written during Shakespeare's "moist" period. Scholars are thrilled by the new pieces, which shed new light on the mysterious life of one of England's most tortured artists.

"He was doing Kurt Cobain's thing

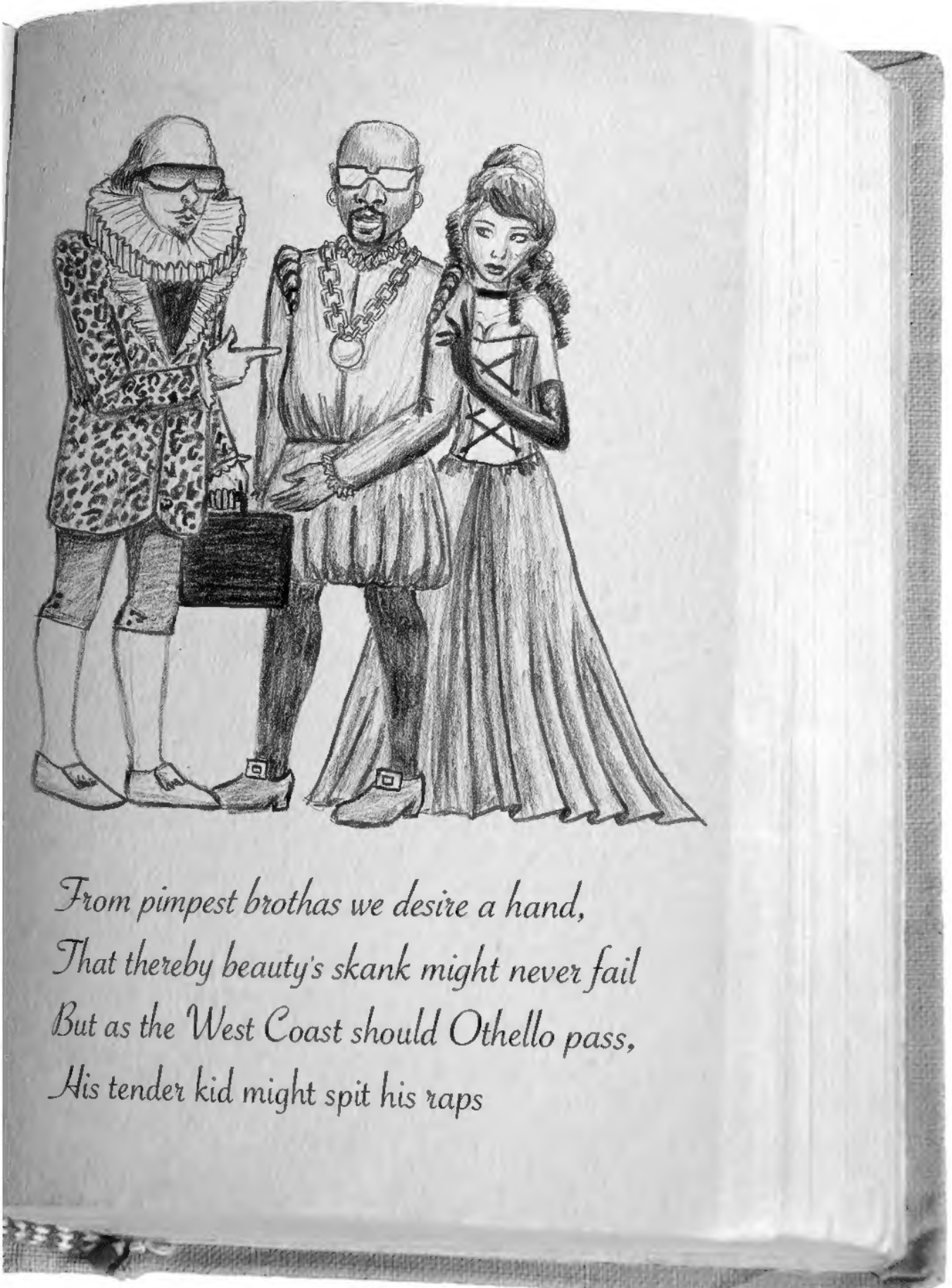
before Kurt was even a swimmer in his daddy's scrote," said Kenny-George McRichardson, professor of English and goat studies at Berkley.

"Records of his eccentric behavior—which formerly attributed to his tokens on the mercury pipe—now make perfect sense. The heartfelt writings in *A Tinkle in the Moonlight* speak passionately to Bill's rumored dendrophila fetish."

Scholars from all over the world are be flocking to Berkley to study the text and snicker at the hilarious drawings. Then, worldwide readings are planned, according to McRichardson, who was the first to read the book.

"Having had a chance to look through *The Unwritten Works*, I can say with no hesitation that the stories contained within, like *The Merchant of Penis*, are among Shakespeare's most carefully written works."

"The heartbreaking conclusions of such dramas as *Romeo and Juwanna Man* will bring a tear to the eye of any fan any literature" he finished, overcome with emotion and softly weeping.



DIRTY, DIRTY SHAKESPEARE  
SHAKIN' IT A sketch from *The Unwritten Works of Shakespeare*



# *Birth Video* fails to deliver winner

## New director Ted Bijenderson's video of his son's birth is a disgusting ode to everything wrong with amateur filmmaking today

***filmreview***

## Birth Video

Directed by Ted Bijenderson  
Starring Ted Bijenderson, Marcy  
Bijenderson, Francis Bijenderson, and  
Dr Javier Rodriguez

## PIERCING CALL

Somebody shut him up

Birth. It's something everybody goes through at least once in their life, making it the umbilical cord that connects us all. It's sometimes joyous, occasionally sad, and often magical; however, Ted Bijenderson's *Birth Video* fails to capture any of this.

The film doesn't offer any background or motivation for the plot, like how the characters met or whether it was a broken condom or a drunken ski adventure that led the couple to this point. Instead, they chose to plunge the audience directly into the chaotic world of the delivery room, a confused, disorienting introduction to life—much like birth itself. That's about as deep as the metaphors get, however, as we're given no time or breathing room to ponder the film before being slapped on the back with the credits.

Silence is something this director seems to care nothing for, as there's a constant cacophony of grunts, heavy breathing, and Ted's meek attempts at encouragement that could hardly

motivate you to blink, let alone pass  
9lbs of meat through your birth canal.

The intent is apparently to draw the audience into the action. However, the terrible cinematography, in conjunction with an uninspired performance from the lead role, only serves to alienate the audience from the action and generates a rift that only continues to grow as the film progresses.

*Birth Video* employs the use of the amateur handy-cam technique pioneered by the *Blair Witch Project*. However, where its predecessor was groundbreaking in its artistic design, this just feels hackneyed. Most of the film is out of focus, and the zoom function is totally abused, giving you the feeling that you're head-butting Marcy's vagina. This is to art what an infinite number of monkeys flinging shit at a typewriter is to Shakespeare.

They fail to capture the crowning moment, as Ted's too busy filming Marcy's tomato-red face and informing her that she's doing "great" as she proceeds to fall into an exorcism-like fit. Her dialogue at this point is also relatively uninspired, amounting to nothing more than the clichéd "you did this to me"—though, judging by press photos of the child (Francis Bijenderson), this may not actually be the case. By the time it reaches the climactic cutting of the umbilical cord and the announcement of "it's a boy!" you'll be reaching for your coat, not even bothering to stay around for the unexpected shock finish—afterbirth—which, truthfully,



**HEY, WHAT, THIS IS LIFE, OKAY?** *Birth Movie* has potential, but comes off as poorly shot and childlike at best.

is just a last-ditch attempt to justify the clusterfuck that came before it. Unfortunately for Bijenderson, M Night Shyamalan immunized us against such tactics years ago.

In essence, *Birth Video* is an intriguing idea that's just poorly

executed. It had potential for greatness, but in the hands of someone as artistically retarded as Ted Bijenderson, this is a work that you'll wish had been miscarried in the second trimester.

There have been talks of a sequel,

but luckily for us, the lead female role seems to be currently uninterested in this possibility. Ted still holds out hope for wooing Marcy into the conceptual stage of the project, but for now, it remains a solo effort.

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Not once.

I watch Labyrinth weekly. I went to see you in  
concert. David Bowie...why don't you love me?

Crying myself to sleep since 1987



PHOTO SHOP-LIFTING: L-JIGGY AND OHHHH SNAP!

SLOW RI-DE (DUN DUNNN DUNN, DUN DUN, DUN DUN) Take it eaaassy (dun DUN dun, dun dun, dun dun dun)

# Rock Band held at border for drugs; ‘Nonono,’ cry whiny fans

DEFILE ASSKINKY  
The dirtiest ‘stache in town

Hit-sensation Rock Band faces a massive scandal after being held up at the border for illicit drug possession. This delay comes in the face of a coast-to-coast Canadian tour that was set to break Rock Band into the Canadian market. The group’s vocalist, Player One, is understandably upset by the unfortunate turn of events.

“So what? we had a few Js and coke stashed in the box,” he says through a shockingly broken teenage voice. “We’re fucking Rock Band! Sex, drugs and rock & roll, man! Have you heard of it?”

“I know our real fans will eBay it on their moms’ credit cards, but come on, maaaaaan,” he whined. “I wanna play nowowowowow.”

Originally started as one Guitar Hero’s side project, hype has been building for Rock Band’s appearance since the group’s formation was announced earlier this year—although, notably, the group doesn’t write their own material. Masters of mimicry, the members of Rock Band can take a new

song and learn it in minutes, creating an almost-perfect copy of any song.

“Man, I totally wanted to buy Rock Band and have the SU over. I can be vocals, and Gamble can be drums, and Janz can wail on guitar. Samuel has to sit in the corner and advocate to be allowed to play, though.”

STEVE KIRKHAM  
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

“We’re totally better when we’re wasted!” guitarist Player Two states between sips of beer. “I can normally rock pretty hard on Medium when I’m sober, but once that Coors Light hits my lips, I bump it up to

Hard and totally shred.”

He then crushed a beer can on his head, threw the TV through the window, and chest-bumped his bros.

The band got off to a shaky start earlier this year after a hostile split between Rock Band and Guitar Hero left them in need of some fresh material. While not only needing a new guitarist, issues arose when the band discovered that Guitar Hero alone would retain the performance rights to previous songs.

“It was a major blow to us,” Player One lamented like a sissy bitch. “We used to have a huge set list, from ‘Ace of Spades’ to ‘YYZ.’ We even mastered some more obscure songs, like ‘Trogdor’ and ‘Thunderhorse.’ Our most recent batch of songs was a set of licks from the ‘80s, including ‘I Ran,’ ‘Radar Love,’ and many more.”

Due to the charges of drug possession, all Canadian shows have been pushed back to late December and early January. This is a major blow to the band, as those looking for their fix of rock classics may instead go to see Guitar Hero instead.

“Fuck that guy,” Player One shouted. “We’re, like, three instruments better.”



THANK YOU, RASTURBATOR

IT'S FOR HIM—HE GETS IT A random passerby admires this pretentious crap, currently on display at the FAP gallery.





albumreview

**Abortion**  
*Crtl+Z!*  
Plan B Records  
Never to be Released

JOHN DAVIDSTON  
*The ol' switcheroo*

I took a look at the latest Abortion last night, and I must say, it's an improvement over their previous attempts at greatness. Their opener, "Falling Down Stairs All Over Again," is a decent effort, though it ends with a bit of a whimper. That's the real problem with this sucker: Abortion starts out with the greatest of intentions, but by the time we get to the end of the process, it's nothing but

a bloody mess. There are even some instances where the creators should be ashamed for the sheer pointlessness of it all.

One of the biggest problems with Abortion is the stir it's causing. You've got your rabid fans and your rabid anti-fans, and it seems like neither can accept the other. Abortion will find a lot more popularity in the US than here; the niche doesn't seem quite as

carved out. Now, don't get me wrong, there are plenty of good things about Abortion. By far, the best is "Rusty Coat Hanger": with the backup wailing and screeching, this is a sound that grabs you deep in your gut and doesn't let go until it damn well feels like it. It's a shame nothing else from this collection works so quickly and smoothly, but maybe it's a good thing. If everything Abortion has is going to be compressed into a single moment, then at least the moment is viable, to say the least.

Abortion ultimately feels like it could've gone on longer, but if it did, no one would've wanted anything to do with it by the time they got to the end. It's probably a good thing they cut it off when they did.



albumreview

**Circumcision**  
*Snippity Snap*  
Traditions!

CRAWL BLOWIN  
*Always on his knees*

Circumcision brings a new face and some personality to an otherwise stagnant, ugly, and overly-sensitive genre. Filled with quick snips of transcendent guitar riffs and a few wails of sorrow and pain, Circumcision will make you

feel true anguish as it rigidly adheres to the philosophy of "less is more."

Circumcision deserves praise for its clean delivery, which feels as though it could prevent disease, and has already amassed a large following with ethnic

groups on the world scene. However, some will feel as though dealing with Circumcision—particularly subjecting infants to it—is simply cruel and useless to anyone but desert-travelling sand-people.

Still, when it comes to preventing the spread of HIV and cancer, Circumcision stands out a cut above the other potential candidates, and should be erected as a shining example of class. Also, apparently chicks really dig it. And you'd fit in better in Hollywood. Or New York. But you'd probably feel the need to shave more often—just so it would match, y'know?



albumreview

**Masturbation**  
*Cumming out Saturday Night*  
Right Hand Records

HAIRY-A TWITCH-A-TWICH  
*Say whaaaaat?*

After a harsh break up, sometimes those involved embark on solo careers. Hell, sometimes flying solo stems from boredom, or simply from waking up half an hour before you need to.

The results can be hit or miss: sometimes practitioners find themselves sad and unfulfilled in a motel room. But as a whole, it's undeniable that Masturbation is brilliant, recognized

by millions as the greatest solo work of our time.

It serves multiple purposes: a tribute to ex-girlfriends, supermodels, the dark alleyways of the Internet. This slow but eager escape into a fantasy world full of erotic visual imagery is a fitting way to begin Masturbation. Next, things get increasingly faster and more vigorous, building right up to its triumphant climax.

Experience with performing with others definitely gives Masturbation a well-oiled feel. If you only have time for one thing this week, make time for Masturbation.



albumreview

**Vasectomy**  
*By Balls*  
Two Cuts Below

SANDY HEAD  
*The lights are out, and everybody's home*

Vasectomy is the thrifty person's best bet to achieving happiness through infertility this season. Tubal ligation, or "tube tying," can cost five times as much the Big V, so just say 'fuck it' and bite down on something. Everybody's going to want a vasectomy this Christmas, so every ho, ho, and ho becomes a sexy target, without having to deal with the responsibilities or emotions of regular sexually active adults. Woo to skirting responsibility!

The increasing popularity of Vasectomy comes as no surprise; it went gold last year, with over 500 000 parents making the choice for their vulnerable, innocent children. In the last ten years, Vasectomy has gone platinum ten times—15 million total procedures and rising. High fives all around!

Vasectomy had humble beginnings: originally just two uncomfortable scrotal incisions, it's since matured to become minimally invasive—and

in some cases, it's performed entirely by lasers, without a scalpel or stitch coming anywhere near your family jewels. But that little setback is more than worth it to prevent the ultimate STI: pregnancy.

By now, you should have your pants around your ankles and your dick in hand as you book it to your doctor, but wait—there is a downside. Even a vasectomy without complications often means swelling, bruising, and a minimum of three days of no sex or masturbation. But fear not: three days is still superior to the current fad in achieving sterility—contracting Mumps—which can cause major testicular swelling and put you out of commission for up to ten days.

Overall, Vasectomy puts forth a solid effort earning four out of five boners and three nights on the couch with an ice pack.

YOU CHOSE: STREET

For a woman of her age, Agnus makes Sonic look like the slowest creature in the land. You can just barely keep up to her as she heads into the "Sobieski's Viennese Restaurant."

As your nostrils are overwhelmed by the smell of Tartar burgers and Turkish Delights, you scan Agnus sitting pleasantly at a table, flanked by your old nemesis Bingo, marker of death, and the infamous Californian Cougar.

The exit is blocked off by Elvis the Impersonator, and Bussy is still watching *Armageddon*. It seems your trapped.

"I hope you can learn something about respecting your elders," Agnus said, "in the five minutes you have left to live."

"I have learned something," you retort. "Like uploading a virus into the senior citizen's mother computer."

Thankfully, the senior citizens

never learned anything about computers, so you tell them your elaborate story of how you and Agent Neo have hacked their firewall and have set them up the bomb. For a moment it seems to be working, but then Agnus catches on.

"How foolish of us to even consider that a Cat Macro Nuke could even exist. Your creativity will be missed in the world," Agnus said.

It's game over man. Game Over.

# Faculty of Science

## STUDENTS:

Nominations are invited for the 2007/2008 Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching

Some previous winners:

- 2006/2007 - Dr. Dragos Hrimiuc, Department of Mathematical and Statistical Science
- 2006/2007 - Dr. Dennis Hall, Department of Chemistry
- 2005/2006 - Dr. Chien-Ping Paul Lu, Department of Computing Science
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**Nomination Procedures:** A letter of nomination signed by at least 10 undergraduate students plus any supporting material, which is thought to be appropriate, should be submitted to the Chair of the Award for Excellent Teaching Committee for each nominee. The appropriate science department will ensure that all nominations are fully documented before submission to this Committee.

**Eligibility:** Nominees for the Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching must have held a full time Faculty appointment in the Faculty of Science at this University for at least five years prior to nomination. Previous Winner(s) of the award are excluded from further competition.

Students can also nominate Professors from a Faculty other than Science to receive a Certificate for Excellent Teaching (details are available from CW223 Biological Sciences Building).

Contact the Chair of the Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching Committee:

**Dr. Brenda Leskiw, Associate Dean**  
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Pandas rehearse beats for beatdown of Clan

Alberta women’s karaoke team preparing their ‘A’ game and jock-rock stylings for grudge match against rival SF-Wu Tang Clan

SPARROW ROW  
Sprouts Eater

If the last few weekends have been any indication, the University of Alberta Pandas karaoke team is well on its way to turning its season around. After an uneven start to the year, the Pandas (6-4-Bflat) are undefeated in their three most recent matches, and they hope they can keep that stone rolling as they prepare for their game against traditional rivals the SF-Wu Tang Clan (5-6-Fsharp) at home this weekend.

“We’re going to put two strong performances on the mic,” Pandas head coach Lemming Bishopric said. “You never know how the bouncing ball on top of the words is going to go after that, but if you take care of your own business, your own vocal range, often times the results follow.”

The Clan were CIS silver medallists last year but graduated six of their starting vocalists—including 2007 CIS Rapper of the Year Ol’ Dirty Bastard—and have struggled so far this year to regain their footing. Clan head coach Danny “Method” Mann acknowledged that it has been something of a rebuilding year for his team so far, but is pleased with the way his rookies have been performing.

“[They] raise me up, so I can stand on mountains; [they] raise me up, to walk on stormy seas,” he explained. “I am strong when I am on [their] shoulders; [they] raise me up, to more than I can be.”

Though not direct regional adversaries, the Pandas and Clan have nurtured a simmering rivalry since their showdown at the Canada West final four years ago. In the choral freestyle round tie-breaker, SF-Wu defeated Alberta by a single point with a stirring rendition of Mariah Carey’s “Heartbreaker.”

The Pandas protested the victory, claiming that the Clan had committed an illegal beat-boxing infraction, and there’s been bad blood between the two teams since.

According to second-year Pandas soprano Shelby Dion, this acrimonious history just



KILLER FELONY

WHOOP, THERE IT IS Though their cardio workouts vary in intensity, the karaoke Pandas are each fully dedicated to a win against the SF-Wu Tang Clan.

means extra motivation for her and her teammates.

“First I was afraid; I was petrified [at the prospect of trying to take the Clan on again],” she said. “But then I spent so many nights thinking how [they] did me wrong. I grew strong; I learned how to carry on.”

Personal feelings aside, a victory against the Clan would be important for the Pandas’ playoff

hopes. Currently tied for fourth place in Canada West, the Pandas need another win to be able to secure a spot in the division finals.

“I think the weekend is going to be big for the U of A/SF-Wu battle,” Bishopric said. “But it would be especially huge for our mental preparation to be able to [clinch] now.”

Key to a Pandas victory this weekend will be their 40-minute freestyle medley, which

kicks off with the 2Unlimited classic “Get Ready 4 This” and climaxes with a “Cotton-Eye Joe”/“Country Roads” remix.

“Defence in any league, in anything, wins championships. It’s easy to play offence because you’ve got the lyrics, but defence is done through battling, position, and commitment,” Bishopric said. “That’s what it takes for us to be successful.”



AUTO-EROTIC ASPHYXIATION

IT TASTES LIKE WHALE The Bears are having a hard time finding opponents willing to play them because of a ‘fraidy-cat’ epidemic sweeping Canada West.

Bear-phobia benches Dinos roster

One by one, the Calgary team succumbed to highly contagious fear of losing

CRAWL BLOWIN  
Mushroom Eater

The home-and-home series between the Calgary Dinos and Alberta Golden Bears hockey teams scheduled for this weekend has been postponed after an outbreak of the willies at the University of Calgary.

Six Dinos have been diagnosed with the disease—also commonly known as the jitters, the heebie-jeebies, or lily-liveredness; and which is transferred through proximity to heights, real bears, snakes, a pregnant girlfriend, or physics midterms. Eight more are showing symptoms—which include profuse sweating, goose bumps, a slightly yellow tinge, vomiting, and potentially swollen testicles—prompting health officials to recommend that this weekend’s games be rescheduled to prevent the spread of the disease.

“It came from the regional health board, and had nothing to do with us probably getting swept,” said Calgary head coach Scott Atkinson, whose team has only beaten Alberta once in the past twenty-something years. “One of our players got the willies after watching game tape a month ago and realizing we were going to get our

asses handed to us. Once he talked to the rest of the team, players started coming into my office with excuses not to play this weekend. So the issue of us being able to field a team is one part of it, but probably the most important part is that we just don’t want to feel the embarrassment of 2000 people seeing us wet ourselves up and down the ice all night.”

“You want fear? I’ll show you—and the Students’ Union—what fear looks like.”

STEVE KIRKHAM  
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

In addition to the postponement of this weekend’s games, the Dinos were forced to cancel their exhibition match against the Canadian World Junior Championships team on 13 December, fearing that many of the infected players won’t have finished hiding under their beds by then.

Golden Bears head coach Eric Thurston expressed regret over not playing this weekend, as he felt his team was finishing a tough stretch of

their schedule and looking forward to “what feels like a second bye week” against Calgary.

“This may be clichéd to say, but I think they need to suck it up and take it like men,” he said. “We could have really used the break in our schedule. We were going to rehab a couple of injured players; I was going to let my son’s pee-wee team onto the ice for about 15 minutes in the second period; there was just a lot of excitement.

“I’m not saying that they were going to lose—because this is Canada West hockey, and any team can beat any other on any given night if they don’t play at 110 per cent—but we were definitely going to win.”

Make-up dates have not yet been announced, but both Atkinson and Thurston brought up the potential for mid-week rematches.

“Who cares if the guys miss a bunch of school? They’re athletes. It’s not like their teachers won’t just fudge the numbers anyways.”

Rescheduling will be a joint venture between both athletic departments in the coming weeks, which will probably begin after the Alberta side stops posting videos on YouTube depicting the Dinos clutching stuffed animals and calling for their mothers.





KILLER FELONY

WHAT WOULD RIKER DO? Gritter Hutch (left) and Samson Briggs make a bacon-grease sacrifice to their idol.

# Alberta 'stache-letes ready to show beards on world stage

SPARROW ROW  
Sprouts Eater

When Samson Briggs and Gritter Hutch walk down the street, passersby take notice. Golden hair frames Hutch's mouth and traces a bold path up his cheeks, and the glossy locks on Brigg's chin have so much attitude that they enter rooms a full ten seconds before he does.

But these spectacular displays of virility are not just for show. These two men, the Canadian Competitive Beard and Moustache team, are serious facial-hair athletes who regularly take on the best in the world.

"A lot of people don't understand that this is actually a serious sport," Briggs says. "They think that you just don't shave, but that couldn't be further from the truth."

"You have to shave, in fact, so it grows thicker—so much thicker," Hutch expands. "And the shaving itself isn't enough. You have to will it. Every day, I spend three hours in front of the mirror, willing it to grow."

It's that kind of dedication that sets Briggs and Hutch apart from the general bearded populace. Currently training at the University of Alberta under famed follicle coach David "David Usher" Usher, these two consider beard- and moustache-growing more than a simple hobby; to them, it's a way of life. They go to great lengths to ensure their facial hair can compete against the best beards in the business.

"You look at it, and you think wire-wool thoughts. I've actually scoured several pots with my face," Briggs says. "It's good for the beard. The grease feeds it. You see, most people think you just have to feed your body, but you also have to feed your beard."

"I give mine a healthy six servings of vegetables a day; I sort of mash it in there and let it sit. It eats it right up."

Winning fur-facers like Hutch and Briggs also have game-day tricks to ensure their face-coverings are at their peak when they take the field. While not willing to give up all their secrets to the perfect facial follicles—

international competition can be cutthroat—the two did divulge what they consider the most important item in their equipment bag.

"Bacon grease gives you the maximum hold," Briggs says. "I think it has something to do with the fact that a mustache can sense fear, and so if you want to tame a wild beast like that, you have to wrap it in another beast's fat; otherwise, it won't respect you."

**"Even without a beard I have more manliness in my little finger than these guys—or Bobby Samuel—have in their whole body."**

STEVE KIRKHAM  
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

"What he's saying is that the bacon grease distracts the moustache," Hutch explains. "While it's absorbing that, it's on show, basically. It's afraid of scavengers coming, so it's in full force."

"[The beard] is very much a separate animal. That's something you have to understand going into one of these competitions—it's like having a wolverine on your chin," Briggs adds.

The Canadians have been able to take tame that beast, however, and, despite being a young team, have already racked up an impressive string of victories. One in particular has already become the stuff of legend on the beard- and moustache-circuit: the time Hutch "actually feared a moustache off a man's face."

"That would have been about three years ago; it was at the final," Hutch recalls. "It was a head-to-head match, and it was with the Irish. They made their final play, but his moustache just wasn't strong enough."

"We were able to jump on that and take advantage of that when we saw

how strong our offence was. It first off retracted into his face, and then he started to cry out his own hair."

It was Canada's first real international moustache triumph, and Hutch says that the match forced other countries to start taking his team seriously as contenders. He says the general attitude towards him and Briggs is now one of respect and awe.

"It's a helluva feeling when you walk in and you can smell the fear in their beards."

Usher, who is a legend on the facial-hair circuit for his revolutionary "moistache"—a lip-cozy that remained perpetually dewy while losing none of its absorbency—has been credited for the team's recent success, but he insists that it's Briggs' and Hutch's natural talent that's brought them this far.

"I haven't seen such pure, concentrated manliness since General Pavel Liprandi led the Russians against the British at Balaclava," he says. "It's like they're holding their testicles on their face."

It's important that Briggs and Hutch take good care of their facial hair because at the international level, the world of competitive facial hair can get ugly. This is no country combing-bee; rivalries are common, and competition is tense.

"You get there, and there's always a lot of animosity," Hutch says. "We're all there for one reason, which is to win, to prove who has the better moustache."

"It's multi-cultural, but it's also multi-hate-ural," Briggs agrees. "We really don't get along with the other competitors. They are our enemies, and this is a battlefield."

And it's that competitive spirit that keeps these two coming back.

"It's knowing that you're that much more of a man than everyone else in the room," Briggs says. "You can actually hear their balls retract as you step in the room. It's a 'schlllllp' noise. It's like vacuuming up yogurt; that's how I'd describe the noise."

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Millions of people put one foot in front of the other every day, but a select few die-hard walking fans have taken this most humble

form of locomotion to a whole new level. Enthusiasts—who call themselves

**"runners"**

—say that upwards of four hundred people across North America now participate in the pastime. The trick to it, they say, is to keep one foot off the ground at all times.

Practice this new technique Tuesdays at 5:30, and "runnify" up to a Getaway Sprouts meeting.



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MAGIC BOX CREATION: BANNED LOOKS

**HARD WORK REWARDED** Triumphant Eskimos celebrate their trip to the Cup.

## SPROUTS AND BEANS

### ESKS WIN GREY CUP TICKETS

Fans in Toronto witnessed a rare football moment last weekend, as the underdog Edmonton Eskimos did the impossible: they won the 95th Grey Cup raffle in front of a packed house at the St Clair Delta Bingo Hall on the outskirts of downtown Toronto. In doing so, the Eskies became the recipients of four tickets to the Grey Cup, two nights' accommodation, and an average CFL player's yearly salary-worth of spending money—\$500.

The victory was made possible by strong offensive efforts from quarterback Ricky Ray, who—despite the smokiness and a barrage of old ladies wielding colourful bingo dabbers—

threw \$20 down on the table, as well as running back Tyler Ebell, who ran an impressive ten entries up to the rotating ballot bin.

Before the Edmonton win, there had been calls for head coach Danny Maciocia's resignation, but this latest victory seems to have restored Eskimos fans' faith in his leadership.

—Brick Dust, Sprouts Salad

### BEAR IN NO RUSH TO JOIN OIL

In a move to try and preserve their current string of victories and boost their shabby offensive output, the Edmonton Oilers have made an unprecedented move, attempting to draft high-scoring Golden Bears forward Dylan Stanley.

However, in a similarly unprecedented move, Stanley replied with a polite "no fucking way," citing his desire to win and be successful more often



A PAIR OF STEEL MITTS

**OIL 'ER? BUT I BARELY KNEW HER!** Let's be honest; if the Oilers offered you a contract right now, you wouldn't take it.

than just once a decade.

A representative for the Oilers made it abundantly clear why the organization felt it needed to make this move.

"Just taking one look at the Bears' stats, I knew this kid could help our organization—I mean, he'd be third on our team in scoring right now! But then, even better, I found this video of him on YouTube in a shootout or something against Calgary—you should have seen him deke out the goalie. The Dino looked like he was too scared to ever play again. I pretty well creamed myself while I was watching it; then I washed up and phoned Kevin [Lowe]. True story."

Neither Stanley's representatives nor spokespeople for the Golden Bears hockey team were willing to comment on the matter, though they both laughed heartily into the phone before this reporter hung up.

—Brick Dust, Sprouts Salad

### NEVER TRUST FOOD ON SWORDS

Canadian national volleyball team member and former Bears star Alexandre Gaumont Casias was arrested yesterday evening after an RCMP officer pulled him over and charged him with driving under the influence of meat.

Highway patrol officers noticed Gaumont Casias swerving and driving erratically on Highway 2 just outside Edmonton, and pulled him over for questioning. Upon approaching the volleyball star, the arresting officer noted that he immediately had doubts as to Gaumont Casias' beef sobriety.

"When he opened his window and drowsily slurred, 'What seems to be the problem, Officer?', there was a strong scent of beer-battered chicken on his breath," Cst Jim Umberger told the *Getaway*. "There were also the bones of buffalo wings littering the floor of his car. But then I noticed that he had A1

steak sauce all around the outside of his mouth, and he was continually licking his fingers. Something didn't add up."

After failing the standard test of touching a piece of mutton to his nose from an outstretched arm, Umberger booked Gaumont Casias and brought him to the police station, where the barely-coherent athlete blew 0.12 on the Tenderyzer test. He spent the night in jail until he was declared meat-sober.

"It was just a meat party," explained a sombre and repentant Gaumont Casias, who pledged to perform community service at barbecues and attend MA meetings. "I was only going to have one piece of back-bacon, then it just got out of control. I woke up at 7am and had a huge stomach ache. That's the last time I shotgun five beef tenderloins then bong a ham hock—I don't even know how many pork chop shots I did last night."

—Johan Cashmere, Sprouts Salad

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**WILL JUMP FOR FOOD, BOXCAR** Canadian hobos will be making a human-rights statement by not going to Beijing.

# Hobolympics take ethical stand

PARC AVENUE  
Sprouts Washer

In an act of protest against human rights abuses perpetrated by the Chinese government in Tibet, the Canadian Hobolympic Committee announced yesterday that their athletes will not be riding the rails to the 2008 Summer Olympics in Beijing.

The boycott comes as no surprise, as hobo leaders in Canada have spent years promoting democratic freedoms for Tibetans, ensuring their human rights, and advocating for the protection of Tibetan culture. In fact, along with calling for a global increase in number of pies being cooled on windowsills, the issue of Chinese human rights abuses has for years been a main tenet of the hobo platform.

"Immediately after removing a pie from the oven, it is too hot to eat—it only makes sense to let it sit

unattended on a windowsill to cool off for a moment or two," Cletus Scoffpossum, leader of the Canadian Hobo Alliance, said. "Also, China's government is financially supporting the Sudanese militias responsible for genocide in Darfur."

**"The Western world can't continue to ignore the plight of the Tibetan people."**

**STEVE KIRKHAM**  
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

The Canadian Olympic Committee won't be following in the CHC's footsteps, and refused to comment on allegations of rights violations in China.

"We have a policy of not taking a stance on political issues—but we

believe this is a special situation," a spokesperson for the Canadian Olympic Committee said. "And it is obvious that if we leave our pies unattended on windowsills, the hobos will snatch them."

"Tibet has always been pro-hobo," Scoffpossum argued. "Many of Canada's current hobos became so immediately upon returning from backpacking trips in Tibet that they undertook after finishing Arts degrees."

The boycott means that sports fans will not be able to see elite hobo athletes such as defending Olympic featherweight boxing champion Boxcar Mick or 2004's 400m hurdles champion Fast-Neck Nell compete.

"I been trainin' real hard," said hobo-heptathlete 'Winni-peg-legged' Winnie, a gold medal contender for both the B and C hepatitis events. "But I couldn't sleep another night in a ditch knowing that Tibet ain't free."

# Mayor puts more cash into Battle of Alberta

PARC AVENUE  
Sprouts Washer

During a press conference called yesterday morning, Edmonton Mayor Stephen Mandel announced plans to pour more money into the ongoing Battle of Alberta.

"Let's face it: we're getting slaughtered out there," Mandel said. "I see no option but to increase the number of troops currently deployed in order to protect the security of the citizens of Edmonton."

Mandel's request increased the amount of the proposed spending by \$46 million over the \$150 million already requested this year. Much of the added spending would go towards developing new weaponry for the ongoing war on Calgary.

"You can only ask the difference between Calgary and a bra or how they spell 'dynasty' so many times," Mandel said. "We really need something where the punchline isn't 'O-N-E.'"

The requested money would also help fund Mandel's upcoming Calgarian siege—codenamed Operation Brokeback—currently

planned for early 2008.

The latest call for more money comes after a rough season that has seen Edmonton lag behind their southern foes in many areas. Calgarians are calling it a desperate plea for help from a sinking ship.

"They're in retreat," Calgary Mayor Dave Bronconnier said. "Sports fans of Edmonton are still heavily dependent on making jokes about a gay cowboy movie that was shot in the vicinity of Calgary almost three years ago—it's sad, really."

"Fuck that shit," one angry Oiler blogger replied. "They haven't won a Cup since '88—plus I'm pretty sure Iginla and Phaneuf make gay man-love on a mountain every summer."

2007 has been the most deadly year for Edmonton in the Battle of Alberta. Military officials attribute the majority of those casualties to in-fighting amongst Oiler fans following an attempted coup by Darryl Katz.

Edmontonians also suffered through extensive riots after the Eskimos' decision to not fire Danny Maciocia, despite the footballlocausts he has committed for the past two seasons.

# Then, a noise!

**STALLION ♦ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1**

When you arrive at the rendezvous point, Stallion already there, standing in a shaft of moonlight next to the ancient fountain. You can't see his face, but can tell that he's watching your approach.

"You made the right choice," he says when you reach middle of the piazza where he's standing. "Were you seen?"

"No, I was careful," you reply.

Stallion quickly scans the square, looking for enemy spies, then proceeds to explain the situation to you. It would seem that Baron Archimedes is not the evildoer that he's been painted. Rather, he's a double agent.

"And so am I," Stallion says. "But the time has come for me to repent. I have in this briefcase copies of every pertinent document from Project Mischief's headquarters. I have already taken poison; you must take them back to the Queen. She will know what to do."

You take the attaché case and turn to go, but he grabs your arm. You can see now that he is weak and relying on the fountain for support.

"Please," he says quietly. "Tell Esmerelda that I died an honourable man."

You look at his face for the first time. "I will," you say.

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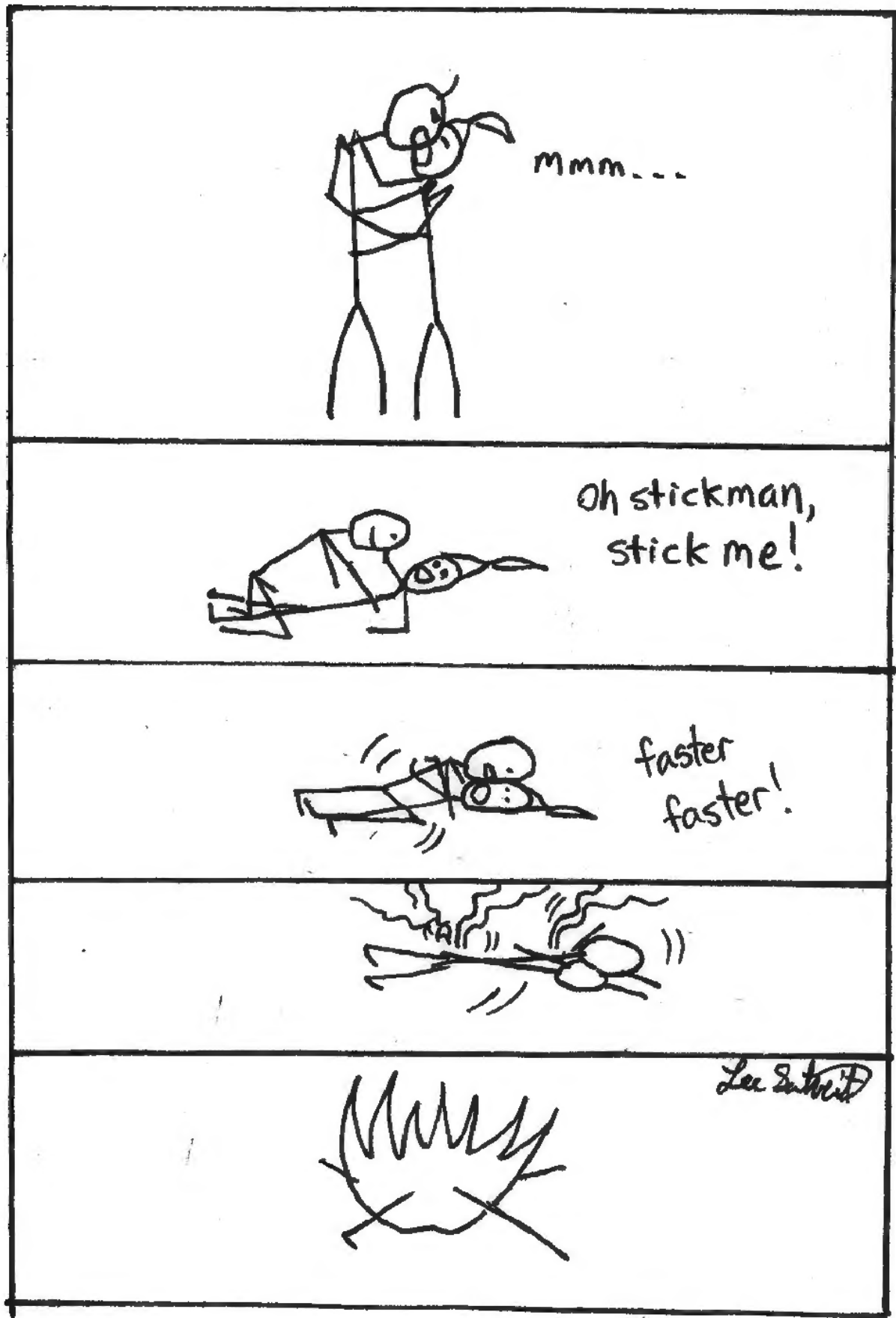
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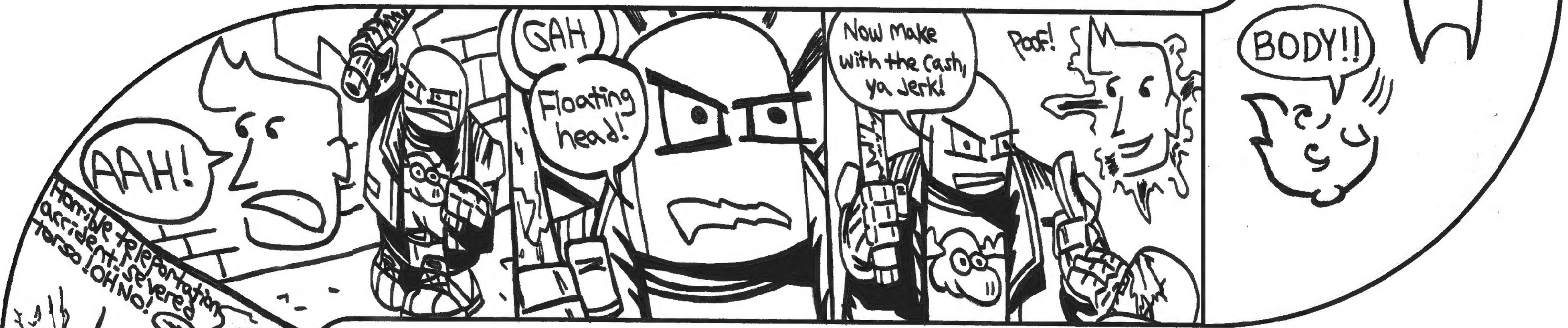
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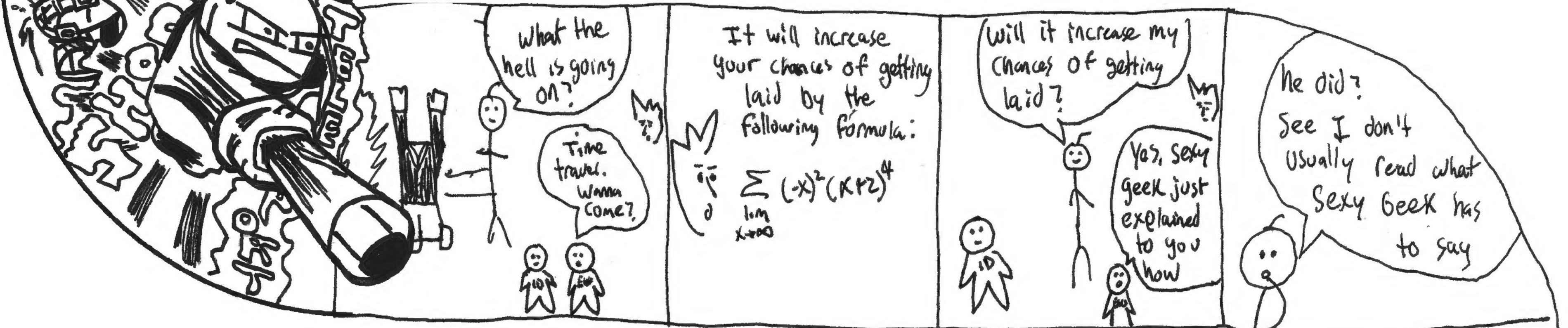
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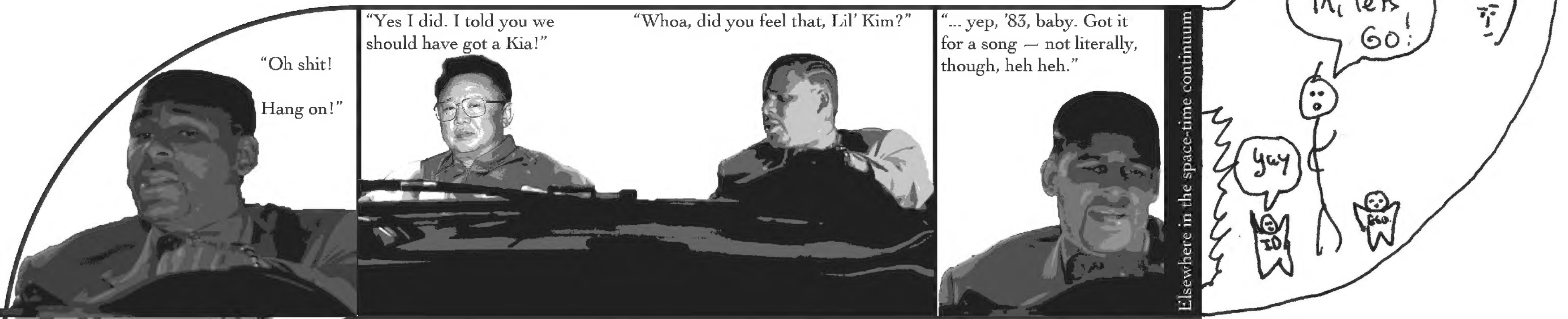
RENTAL GEESE by Fresh Martian



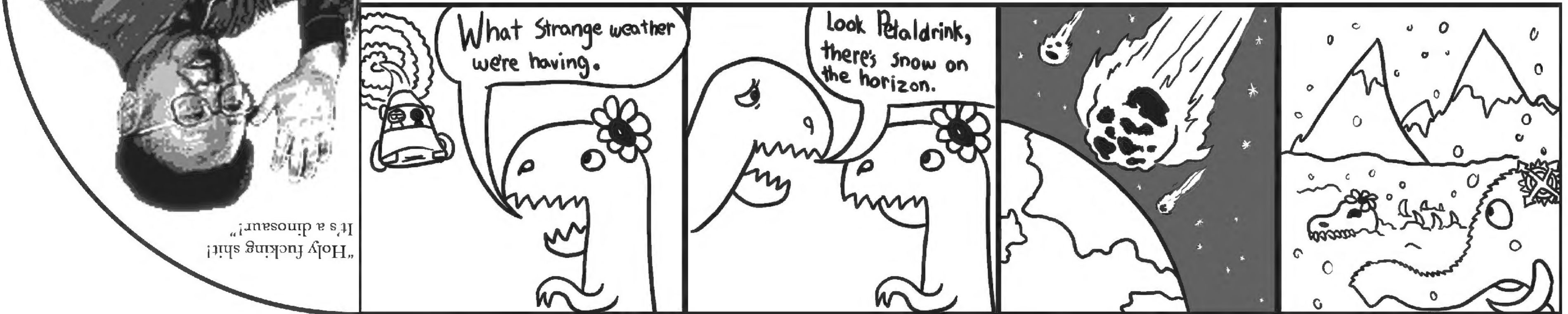
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REX DINO by Steven Patrick Morrissey





# THE GETAWAY

the like, 17 or something ♦ read this paper backwards—there's a hidden message (hint: the words is part) ♦ tomorrow, four-fifteenth, 2007

## SU to advocate at int’l level, somehow

“Michael Janzeroo is supa A-OKAY #1 best friend!” says United Nations Secretary General and offensive stereotype Ban Ki-moon



MR ALANA KNOPP  
I do. Do you?

Amid internal criticisms that the University of Alberta Students’ Union isn’t doing enough for its constituents, SU President’s Choice Michael Janz and Vice-President (Old-man Smell) Steve Dollansky have announced that they plan to start lobbying for student interests at the international level—just as soon as they figure out what the hell that means.

“We’ve been successful at the municipal level, lobbying for the U-Pass,” Janz explained, adding that provincial lobbying through the Council of Alberta University Students (CAUS) has been “pretty rockin,’” and that the contemplation of joining a federal lobby group has spurred them to look even further.

“We figured, ‘Why stop there?’” Dollansky chimed in. “I mean, if it works at the national level—which, believe me, it more than likely most definitely without a shadow of a doubt probably will ... maybe—then, *ipso facto*, that means international lobbying will be that much more effective.

“It’s, like, synergy, or something, right? Isn’t it?”

However, some curmudgeonly hacks, including Business councillor Scott Nicol, pointed out some major flaws in the plan.

IT’S THE VERTICAL STRIPES SU President Michael Janz met with international leaders to discuss relevant student concerns such as rising tuition and landmines.

HALLO! PLEASE GO USELESS ♦ PAGE 4

## Kirkham, APIRG create centralized SU opt-out

NORMAN CLOUTURÉ  
BA

Thanks to an Alberta Public Interest Research Group (APIRG) grant, Bear Scat creator Steve Kirkham has developed an online opt-out system for students no longer wishing to be a part of the Students’ Union.

Kirkham, a former Science councillor, explained that the move was inevitable following the SU’s decision not to fund the popular Bear Scat registration program, as well as the recent passing of the controversial Bill 6, which could potentially lead to a centralized opt-out system for dedicated fee units (DFUs).

“Let’s face it; the Students’ Union has screwed over the very people they’re supposed to represent one time too many,” Kirkham said loudly during a videoconference from his elaborate command centre deep in the heart of Silicon Valley.

The new system, which is set to launch at the start of the winter semester, uses a simple and elegant tabbed-menu system. With the click of a mouse, students will no longer have to be affiliated with the organization best known for Antifreeze and its creepy posters in SUB.

However, SU representatives have been quick to denounce the move, citing their organization’s continued commitment to students.

“I can promise you one thing: any student foolish enough to be one of Kirkham’s little sheeps [sic] is in for a rude awakening—those who opt out will never get to eat at an SU-funded pancake breakfast again. Do you hear me? NEVER!” SU Vice-President (Suit-Wearing) Steven Dollansky screamed, much like an infant being dragged from a Toys ‘R’ Us after being denied a purchase would.

PLEASE SEE DEFUNDISTRATION ♦ PAGE 4

## TYPE II DIABETES: YOU ASKED FOR IT, FATTY

FATALIE FAT FAT  
Baby Tiger (GRRRAWR)

The results of a groundbreaking study from the Alberta Diabetes Institute (ADI) have shown that individuals who contract type II diabetes were “most definitely asking for it.”

“What we essentially found was that virtually all individuals with type II diabetes are overweight. From this we were able to conclude that the disease is in fact the inevitable consequence of binge-eating on fattening foods,” lead researcher Dr Skinner Thon Ewe said.

Approximately 90 per cent of individuals who have diabetes have the type II variety, and according to Ewe, this comes as no surprise.

“With over 50 per cent of the population obese, it means that a lot of these fatties are going to get diabetes eventually,” Ewe said. “What this study has proven is that there is nothing we can do to prevent the robust bodies of these porkers from no longer producing enough insulin.”

Sadly, the study also concluded that being “big-boned” or having a family



IMAGINEERED PHOTO! MYLAR FELONY

NEEDS MOAR SPRINKLEZ! Dude, think of your islets. Wait; what are islets?

history of fatness is no excuse.

“Sure, maybe your parents are fat too, but is that forcing those donairs into your mouth? If you don’t want type II

diabetes, you shouldn’t get so fat.”

With these indisputable results, ADI researchers pleasantly shook hands and shut down the two-month-old centre.

## Prepare!

- pants 1
- check 1
- compass 2
- check 3
- canteen 5
- check 8
- BEARS! 13



## Choose your own adventure, you lazy bastards!

You’ve been called up ter ’elp us wif de evol genius Baron ’rchimedes. But you’ll ’ave ter pick yer partner for dis assignment. We’ve got bo’le agents free: Dirk Stallion, suave, charmin’ but emotionally distant; or Bugsy Sweats, the writ idiot savant.

TO CHOOSE BUGSY SWEATS, TURN TO PAGE 5

TO CHOOSE DIRK STALLION, TURN TO PAGE 17





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# TEH GETAWAY

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## Appetizers

- PELICAN-AND-BEEF** Saddam Beaumont  
with mustard oots of mustard | -10 5
- MANGY MUTT** Crawl Blowin'  
not so hot, actua y | -8 5
- ELDERJUS** Ratatouille Winnebago  
abit runny | -11 5
- DELICIOUS CRU** Cyan Sheisse  
there's a ne w sher ff n f avour country | -9
- ONION FRITTER** Anal Piercing  
it's ke pepper spray, on y not | -6 5
- MARTLET REDUCTION** Tallish Spinoff  
must be ordered n eng sh accent | -13 5
- SPROUTS BENEDICT** Batman Gollum  
rea y not that f ng | -7
- FOIE GRAS** Dyke Auto-Erotica  
dead med um | -10
- LIME A LA TUSCAN** Bike Chainslip  
vague y, med terranean | -13 5
- MARINE ALLIGATOR** Napoleon Khan  
usua y w d, but somet mes not | -18

## entrées

- BEE'S WAX & MANURE** Red Green  
heavy on the manure | -23 5
- RAT TAILS & PARSNIP** Ciz-Dog  
no one has ever ordered ths | -35
- BAD CACTUS PRIMER** Jill has mumps. Christ.  
we're not gonna e | -28
- CARBONATION PAIL** Mega Sleazy  
**JERKY ASIAN TAIL** Kwai Gai!  
one or the other whatevs | -30 sh

THE GETAWAY s proud by a  
naphazard group of soc al y, a l k w ard  
trog od, tes a no make cock, okes to  
compensate for the r ack of sex a  
maturit, A so t ts

THE GETAWAY s proud to  
drag the rest of you as sho es  
do an to our eve

## drinks

no n L qu ds that can be swa owed as refreshment or  
nourishment OR G N O d Eng sn trincan (, ero jtrinc  
(noun of German c or g n related to Dutch trinken and  
German trinken. Thanks a oget d ct onary,

## dessert

Not desert Dessert The x no you eat not wander  
around n for ngeterm nate amounts of t me Ser ou s y  
s t that nard to earn the d st nct on? And more  
mportant y are you go ng to order any, tn ng or what?  
Cause f you aren t then m go ng to have to ask you to  
make room for the next group

## aperitifs

A r gnt so techn cally aper t fs shoud come before  
mea out work a tn us here But who are you k dng?  
You ve been dr nkng s nce 10am you fuck ng us n Tr, to  
sooper up enou gh to fn sn your food at east fatty

Add t onally the menu items expressed here are those of  
our chefs and do no a a, reflect my persona tastes m  
more of a Po Boy and fr es g y, my se f have you t red  
DaDeO s? Tney e got the best sweet potato fr es tn s  
s de of the De ta tnou gn De a ey s aren t too snappy  
e tner And x n e m on t now are you supposed to  
make a p ura possess ve out of De a ey s? yet anotner  
gar ng o vers gnt on the part of our Students Jn on

## ingredients

The Getaway was created using computers  
automag c and the p ood s sweat and tears of thousands  
of Oompa-Loompas Hey, don t ook at us—they  
were pract cally begging for t t when they waked off  
the oo at the enoc o ate factory Oregon Tra was  
used for p oneer ng Number Munchers was used for  
number-munc ng x n e Word Munchers was used for  
word-munch ng—perhaps not a togetner surpr s ng y  
come to tn nk of t Our nsp rat on came n spouts of  
EXCITEMENT Intrigue! Danger! and Suspense! The  
CRO s n our base and we eventually take over the  
tn rd floor tnou gn ne doesn t know t yet The Gateways  
papes of cho ce are P n x Bra Strap G r and that  
mecnan c n c from Firefly

## things that offend us

Rac sm sex sm sexual harasssment assault sat t the  
monarchy Aresters Most st pros that tak cross a a s  
French accents the word cunt (as e v ery one shoud  
per ods Dav d J sner read ng a o d preatner ner  
persona a r supply dead x t t ens feed ng dead x t t ens to  
catt e orphans Dyke s raspoerry, preatn spontaneous  
compost on the ndustr a revo ut on cn mney s keeps  
puns turbo puns the etter Zee FDR arch tects the  
sma est paper non-fitted rats flctat ng weatner  
patterns Norman s eft npp e square org es French-  
Eng sn d ct onar es bears that aren t p rd-bears  
d seases Schniders s t (tne st not tne mo e tn s st

# CRIMEAN BEAT

Compiled by Immortal Stallion  
King-God VI

## HOLYLAND, BATMAN!

In 1774 at approximately 1:53pm, Russian  
protectors of the faith were called in to  
the Ottoman Empire after reports of a  
disturbance by the French. Napoleon III,  
the French commander, then became  
combative, eventually winning out the  
day against those rogues.

## SEVASTOPOL SIEGED!

In September 1854 at approximately  
6:02am, the Tsar's Black Sea Fleet was  
roused by gunfire from the naval can-  
nons of Allied ships. The disturbance  
would continue for another year until the  
Ukrainian port city was finally captured.  
The suspects are described as being  
"Russian."

## BALTIC THEATRE UPSTAGED!

Sometime during 1885, Russian dock-  
yards near Helsinki were bombarded by  
ships of the Western Allied Baltic Fleet.  
The city's heavily defended harbour  
entrance withstood the attack, but as of  
press time, key Russian trade routes were  
still being blockaded.

## THE STRAIT GOODS ON GENITCHI

Also in 1885, British forces were caught  
attempting to sabotage the Russians' floating  
pontoon bridge, which was supply-  
ing their troops in Sevastopol. The  
British commanders, who were rambling  
incoherently about four-oar gigs and  
paddle-box steamers, were presumed  
to be intoxicated and subsequently  
escorted off the peninsula.

## COULD YOU BE MORE PACIFIC?

From 1884-5, British and French squad-  
rons besieged a small Russian force  
way the frick out on the Kamchatka  
Peninsula—technically outside the  
jurisdiction of Allied authorities. Local  
enforcement there said casualties were  
heavy, but failed to pin down an exact  
number.

## THOSE PESKY ITALIANS

Later that year, Italian forces were  
seen loitering with French and British  
ne'er-do-wells in a Piedmontese back-  
alley, but dispersed when authorities  
arrived. These groups were later seen  
congregating at a peace conference,  
but were determined not to be a major  
naval threat and were released from  
custody.

## SULTANS OF BLING

On approximately 1840, Abd ulmecid I,  
Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, was  
detained at the border with a large  
amount of paper banknotes in his pos-  
session. Upon closer investigation, it  
was found that he had in fact made  
them up himself. Also discovered on  
his person were large quantities of jew-  
elry and French crowns, none of which  
could be accounted for. Abd ulmecid  
was detained for questioning until his  
father, Mahmud II, came and picked  
him up, saying it was all just one big  
misunderstanding.

## TSAR YOU KIDDING ME?

In 1885, Tsar Nicholas I of Russia was  
caught near the river Danube expanding  
his kingdom's borders. Authorities say  
he had been lying to the British about  
the matter under the pretense of pro-  
tecting the Christian faith. He was later  
released with a summons.

# STREET CARS

Compiled and photographed by  
T-Wags and Dyke Autoerrotica

As you may be aware, you're required to transport people from all walks of life.  
What's your least favourite kind person to have inside of you?



Splash Mountain  
Long Lineups  
XVIII



Siemens-  
Duewag U2  
ETS XXIX



Siemens SD-160  
Calgary Transit VI



Desire  
FAME LX

The elderly. They can't even stay awake  
long enough to enjoy the ride.

People in wheelchairs. We have DATS for  
a reason.

The homeless. If I have to hear about  
the pinko-Muslim-jewish-homosexual-  
feminist conspiracy again ...

STELLAAAAAAAAA!!!

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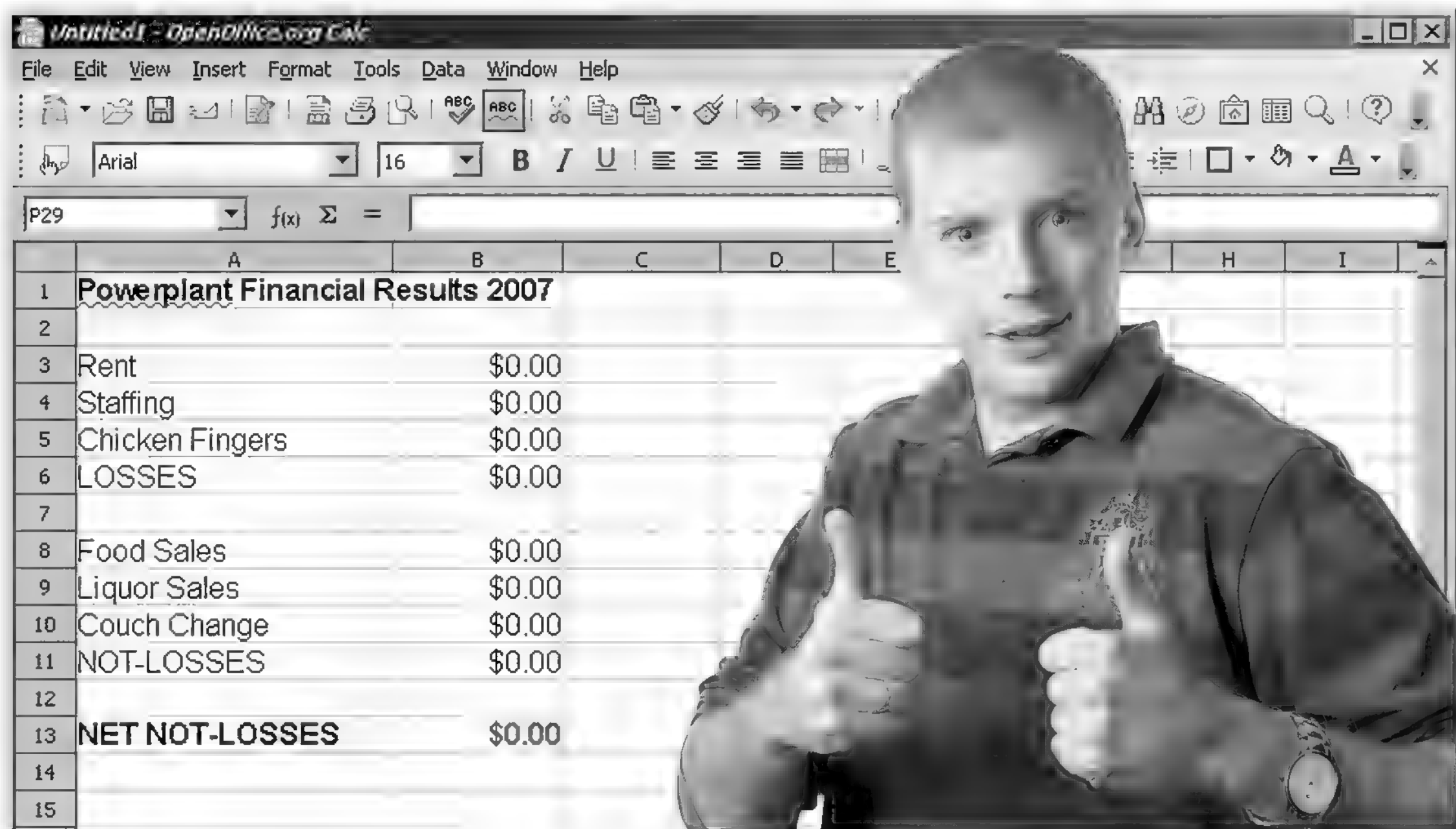
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GREENSCREENING: DYKE AUTOEROTICA

A MAN OF HIS WORD SU VP (Shotgunning) Gamble brought an end to Powerplant losses after closing the campus pub.

# ‘I did it!’ Gamble exclaims

MANDRAKE STRONGNECK  
Very Fertile

Declaring his plan for the business an “undeniable success,” Vice President (Book-Cooking) Eamonn Gamble announced Monday that the Powerplant, fraught with financial woes and threatened with closure for the past few years, has completely turned its fortunes around after only a single semester of being closed.

“It’s been more than half a decade since we could say this, but the Powerplant has not lost a buck since folding,” Gamble announced from a rooftop overlooking Quad. “Our accounts-payable goose egg speaks for itself: the ’Plant is breaking even once again!”

Streamers and balloons then rained down on the assemblage as AC/DC’s “Back in Black” began playing on loudspeakers. The declaration was met with raucous applause and cheering by the sparse but enthusiastic crowd of other SU members that had gathered, but, as with most

things not involving alcohol or transmittable diseases, was largely ignored by the rest of campus.

The looming campus landmark, which enjoyed years of hefty surpluses in the beer-drenched social experiment that was the 1990s, began running increasingly severe deficits in the 2001/02 academic year, culminating in the loss of \$206 891 in 2006/07 alone.

An abundance of ideas were presented for both the reason the bar was failing and how best to resurrect it. But according to Gamble, the single factor that exacerbated the huge losses was that the ’Plant was “a functioning establishment with both revenues and expenditures.”

“It’s a fairly complex economic formula,” Gamble explained via email to the *Getaway* from his swanky vacation time-share in Bora Bora. “The problem stemmed from the bar failing to produce more money than what was spent running it. Therefore, our plan to turn the place around was to cut costs associated with reckless spending towards the continual provision of

goods and services to customers. After this problem was dealt with, our budgetary woes evaporated.

“Ever since we stopped serving food, booking musical acts, employing workers, and generally just remaining in business, the Powerplant has been doing great,” he continued. “Expenses are down all across the board.”

The relative triumph of the scheme has been met with mixed thoughts among the student population, however, many of whom cite a lack of places to “drink [their] fucking faces off” as the main problem.

“All I want to do is meet up with my brosephs for a couple brewskies and hit on some underpaid waitresses,” third-year business student Chad Brochill said while attempting to start a “Powerplant” chant in the middle of SUB. “Now the only place I can do that is Hudson’s, which is fine for Friday and Saturday nights, but what about Tuesdays at 11:30am? What about Wednesdays during my Econ class? What’s a dude got to do to get some suds around here?”

# Nothing can hold Mike Hudema down

ANAL PIERCING  
Built like the Hebrew Hulk

Former University of Alberta Students’ Union president Mike Hudema plans to fly off the High-Level Bridge in protest of the force of gravity.

This is to be the latest in a series of stunts from the radical cheerleader, which have included chiding soup kitchens for not using fair-trade soda crackers and screaming at children for supporting global ice cream conglomerates.

“Think about it. What’s the one thing that keeps you down from the second you’re born until you eventually die?” Hudema asked. “Gravity.”

“This is an issue that hasn’t been getting the attention it deserves. Every day, I see birds flying around free from the shackles of corporate oppression, but [people] are content to just sit around and think, ‘I’m sure glad I’m not flying upwards out of my chair right now.’”

The Universal Law of Gravitation, a theory developed by Sir Isaac Newton in 1687 as a convenient method for retrieving apples from trees, was initially hailed as one of the greatest discoveries to date, putting an end to upward-falling-related incidents—a leading cause of death at the time. Lately, however, there have been questions as to whether the downward force of 9.81m/s<sup>2</sup> has been responsible for the subsequent spike in plummeting-related injuries.



PAID PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

THIS GUY HAS A LAW DEGREE But the law of gravity no longer applies, bitches!

Dr Thom Thompson, a leading physicist and spokesperson for gravity, claims that these deaths were accidental and not the fault of the gravitational system.

“When working with a force like gravity, you need to respect its power. If you enter into a gravitational situation and aren’t properly prepared, that’s your fault, not gravity’s,” he said.

“You wouldn’t blame a jaguar for

mauling a man covered in marinade, so why blame gravity if you knowingly walk into an anvil drop zone?”

But Hudema remains unconvinced. “See this skirt? See these Pom-poms? I am radical to the core. When I fly up off the High-Level Bridge, people are going to take notice and start questioning the *man*. I might even indulge in gravity for a few moments, just so I can spit down on my oppressors.”

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**SAY, HAVE YOU HEARD OF IT, OLD CHAP?**



SELF-PORTRAIT: STEVEN Q. KIRKHAM HUNTINGTON III

**STEVE KIRKHAM IS SERIOUS BUSINESS** Steve Kirkham doesn't smile. Ever. That's how you'll know it's him.

## Dollansky still whining; shut the fuck up

**USELESS ♦ STILL PROCRASTINATING?**

Dollansky, regaining his composure but still kind of acting like a sobbing toddler, added that this was just a retaliatory move by APIRG.

"They're just mad that we've voted to make it easier for students to rid themselves of having to financially support those damned flag-waving, Che-Guevara-T-shirt-wearing hippies," Dollansky said.

"This has nothing to do with Bill 6," said a representative for APIRG. "We

simply think students should have a choice as to where their hard-earned money goes—and that shouldn't be to Steven Dollansky's botox.

"Seriously, how old is that guy, like, 40?" she added.

Kirkham has assured students that once the new system rolls out, it will make the University's current SU opt-out system—punching Michael Janz in his supple mids—completely obsolete. However, a promise of a baseball bat with every valid CCID

following the PeopleSoft 10 upgrade could sway students back to the University's methods.

"At the end of the day, how many students actually participate in AntiFreeze or WOW? How many students sit in RATT waiting for their food, seriously contemplating self-defenestration to the ground seven stories below? How many students sleep on the SU's non-flame-retardant couches?" Kirkham yelled. "Based on my Facebook group, not many."

## Getaway photo illustration offends many

**MOTTIS CLAMATO**  
**Increase your lovestick to make magic!**

It was a sad weekend on the University campus as the mumps outbreak, which had been terrorizing lesser schools on the Nova Scotian and Saskatchewanian fronts for awhile now, finally swooped into our fair city, leaving behind a wake of destruction.

"It was horrible," recalled anguished New York Fries owner Pimento Snook, who says he'll never forget the 11/9 attacks. "The mumps ... they just flew into the diner like a jumbo jet and started infecting people. They knocked over my twin towers of plates; it was horrible. Just horrible."

Similar cries of outrage and anguish were heard all over campus; it seems the Mumps were not to be stopped, no matter the cost. Several locals tried dealing with the infecting agents with tried—and—true methods, but to no avail.

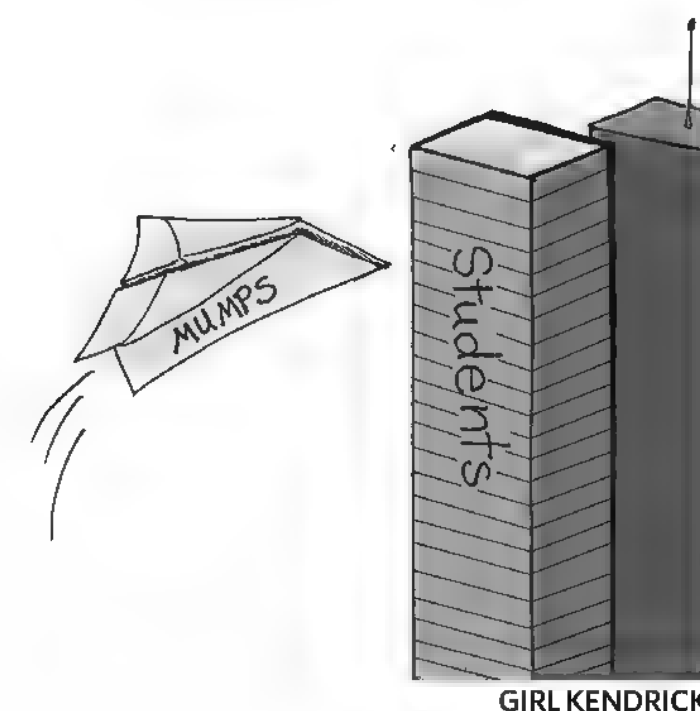
"I yelled at the mumps to get the hell out," cashier Lily Balsam explained.

"But they were immune, what with their permanent deafness, and kept walking towards me, dragging their enlarged testicles as the remains of their fertility spilled out on the tile floor."

The mumps went on to wreak havoc on the rest of the campus, stealing a Volkswagen Jetta and driving it recklessly down the length of HUB mall before launching out the end window, penetrating the Tory office complex in a Freudian defiance of their sterility.

"This is just further evidence that we need more support for Canada's War on Mumps" said Snook. "Even though we think we're safe, it's going to be 8–10 days before the symptoms start showing, so the mumps could be back. We need to fight them over there so that we don't have to fight them in here" Snook said, while gesturing to his genitals. "After all, it's all about the vegetable oil."

Though the source of the outbreak is currently uncertain, the shady disease financier known as Jill has taken



GIRL KENDRICK

**TOO SOON?** Seriously, is this too soon? Can we do this yet? I hope so.

credit for the attacks, and is claiming that this is only the beginning. In the video, which was captured on a cellphone camera in a nightclub, Jill can be heard to say, "I'm soo totally mumpin' right now. Whatever, death to the great Satan."

Campus Health Officials advised all students and staff to follow the three Ps: practice good hygiene, protected sex, and pump-action shotguns.

## SPILL SPILL SPILL! THIS IS A SPILL!

**DEFUNDASTRATION ♦ HEY! YOU MADE IT!**

"It's pretty much the biggest load of pie-in-the-sky bullshit I've ever heard in Council," Nicol explained. "And I was around when Mike Hudema was president."

Former SU president Samantha Power is also skeptical of the plan, which would see the SU exec flown first-class to, like, Prague or Vienna or something every couple of weeks.

"Well, the biggest hurdle they're facing right now is there's no international student body or lobbying organization to join up with," Power explained. "So there's that. Plus, there's simply no international postsecondary government or institution against whom to lobby, obviously."

"I mean, who would that even be? The UN? Rubbing shoulders with Ban Ki-moon? The Vatican? It's just retarded."

Fourth-year student Marissa Lafleur echoed Power's reasonable, yet leftist,

shout-fest.

"If they actually go to the Vatican—which, yeah, would be retarded—then that would exclude a huge amount of non-Catholic students," she explained. "There's just no place in a liberal, socially progressive institution for such outdated, Euro-centric methodologies," the burned-out poli-sci major said.

However, Janzlansky, morphing into one sentient being and speaking in the hive mind, pointed out that the SU has considered these factors and has already made strides, starting with the formation of their very own international student group: United Students Engaged, Like, Everywhere to Serve Students, or USELESS.

"USELESS will, despite how it sounds, prove to be very useful indeed for us," Janzlansky said, clearly proud of what they called a "witty double-entendre," but which is in fact just a really fucking stupid name for an organization.

"In working closely with whoever it is that we end up working closely with, we plan on bringing students the world over the best international representation that their mandatory fees can buy," it said. "Because in this big old world of ours, every student is an international student."

Also troubling to the more sensible lot of councillors was the high cost of the proposed lobbying efforts, which have been estimated in the range of \$5–6 million per year.

"They've got to be out of their fucking minds," Eamonn Gamble, the Executive's own VP (Resumé Paddère) said. "6 million bucks? Where do they think they're going to get that money from? That's our entire budget right there."

Janzlansky then entered Gamble's office, assimilating him into one flesh.

"WE ARE STUDENTS' UNION. WE ARE BORN OF MANDATORY FEES," the oddly shaped blob shouted.



# Big Oil announces big, ugly Arts building to replace old, ugly Tory

Critics say it represents the worst of corporate sponsorship, a lack of integrity, and horrid design; Sim City fans say it looks a bit like that Plymouth Arcology

KER-STEN GOR-UCK  
Pronounce my name right, frigtards

Designs for the newest addition to the University of Alberta campus, the Syncrude Sanatorium for the Arts, were unveiled this week.

The building's completion date is estimated for spring of 2010, and, at 60 stories, it's expected to dwarf the elegant and historic Old Arts Building completely.

"Syncrude is very excited about working alongside the University in this project. We love giving back to the community," Greg Thorne, Syncrude's President and Chief Executive Officer, said.

The outside of the structure will be plated in black onyx, while the interior will be creepy and sterile—not at all conducive to the artistic vision originally set out by the Faculty. However, faced with the deep-pocketed energy giant pulling out of the deal altogether, the University was forced to go along with the coal- and gas-fired design.

Arts students are simply excited to hear that their area of study is finally receiving some new development.

"It's about damn time this part of campus gets noticed. Engineers don't have to deal with asbestos-filled

ceilings," coughed Anthony Sparks, a philosophy major who's been stuck in Humanities and Tory for the better part of four years.

"It may not be the most environmentally friendly structure, but at least this thing will have some fucking computers and a wireless signal," he added.

**"I won't rest until my more efficient and simpler version of an Arts building is developed, giving students ample choice for studying towards useless degrees."**

STEVE KIRKHAM  
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

In addition to funding the entire cost of construction, Syncrude also donated a large collection of new editions of books and literature to the U of A's English Department.

English students will now have the choice of using Syncrude-approved classics as opposed to the University's Bookstore stocks.

"We really want to leave a lasting impression on students at the university. It's not just about the fantastic new building we're donating, but also about encouraging original and independent thought and study," Thorne explained.

Syncrude has employed literary critics in their selection and revamping of specific novels commonly found on a university course syllabus.

Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* features an oil mogul, Mr Darcy, who wins the heart of the farmer's daughter, Elizabeth, and is allowed to expropriate his land for drilling. Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*, the gothic tale about a dark and mysterious love, takes place in the wild tar sands of Alberta, and tells a non-linear tale of the gravity-assisted drainage process.

Although students are reluctant to turn down free course material, skepticism remains among the more academically minded students about the novels' credibility.

"I read *Wuthering Heights* in high-school, and I swear it took place in, like, Europe or England or something," speculated Halley Yanitski, a first-year English major. "But hey, I'm not complaining. At least now we have heating and ventilation."

# Neck beards no more, campus 5-0 braces for December's hobo rush

T-WAG  
Dashing Once Again

Campus police were breathing a sigh of relief with the end of November on Friday, and with it, the end of No-Shave November.

Apart from the obvious benefit of ridding campus of unshaven undergrads and unfortunate "perv-stashes," the end of No-Shave November has also come with an added benefit: ridding the campus of pedophiles-in-hiding.

"When so many people on campus look like creeps, it's hard to pick out who the real ones are," Officer Bob Barber explained. "They were just hiding in plain sight among the bad facial hair."

Of course, the blast of cold near the end of the month just exacerbated the situation for the peace officers, filling the campus with heavy jackets to go along with moustaches.

"Usually, we'd keep tabs on someone in a full-length coat with a bad moustache," Barber said. "But with the cold weather, there were just way too many people fitting that description."

As a result of the high number of creep look-alikes that were on campus, CSS had to switch tactics. They soon found that very few undergrads sport the other two components of the pedophile uniform: bad hair, like a comb-over or mullet, and aviators.

This too caused frustrations, though,



DYKEAUTOEROTICA

UPSTANDING CITIZEN Don't let the facial hair fool you—he doesn't want kids.

with the numerous balding, older professors on campus who apparently still think the mullet is cool.

"Yeah, that policy resulted in some rather embarrassing rounds of questioning with university professors," Barber complained. "It was embarrassing for all parties involved."

With much of the campus now clean-shaven, though, campus security can get back to doing its normal job instead of worrying about creeps hidden among the undergrad population, which is causing a second sigh of relief in the doughnut shops throughout campus.

YOU CHOSE: BUGSEY SWEATS

You arrive with Bugsey Sweats at the international airport in Istanbul. The heady afternoon air is sweet, and it feels good to be out of the plane, as Bugsey has spent the entire

seven-hour flight continually repeating the plot synopsis to *Independence Day*. Suddenly, you catch a flash of silver-grey hair in the crowd: Agnus the Au Pair Assasian—Archimedes' senior citizen second-

in-command!

Do you give chase right down the street, or cut through the alley to head her off?

ALLEY ♦ PAGE 9  
STREET ♦ PAGE 13

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I like my meat rare—very rare

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE RECENTLY OVER THE injustice of hunting endangered animals in the interest of science, and I too would like to add my voice to the chorus of dissent. For I, too, think that such usage is an abhorrent waste—those animals should be eaten.

Many in particular have decried the sport of whaling, but to them I say, have you *tasted* whale? It’s fucking delicious. All that sweet, blubbering oil serves as its own oceanic *au jus* to the mammalian meatiness underneath. Add a little braised dolphin fin on the side, and you’ve got yourself a recipe for deep-sea deliciousness.

The American bald-headed eagle recommends itself as well. While a bit leaner and tougher than fowl, a smooth, creamy dish of eagle-tear pudding is as American as apple pie—and goes really well with it, too. Cream of monarch soup is another sure winner, if you can find some decent *crème de coral reef* to go with it.

If it’s a little South-east Asian something that you’re searching for after supper, look no further than genuine tiger ice cream—not that fake bullshit that they sell in supermarkets. Made with real sub-Siberian stripes, this stuff will put hair on your chest—and in your teeth.

Moving on to Asian cuisine, you can’t go wrong with a tender cut of roast panda with pika sauce and koala cordon bleu. Snow leopards can practically be eaten raw, they’re so lean. Or, if your palate a bit more plebeian, try a juicy ape-burger or rhino-dog instead. Still have room for more? Why not try some fresh imported penguin beak and fresh-boiled great turtle? The shells are a bit of a pain, but it’s nothing you can’t work around.

As you can see, no matter what you have a taste for, mother nature in all her plenty has provided for us. And in cases where it isn’t all that plenty, well, that just makes it taste all that much sweeter, doesn’t it? I mean, why else do you think tusk truffle and emu egg is so goddamn expensive?

IMMORTAL STALLION KING GOD VI  
I'll have the macaw

You’re so immature

LOOK, IT’S NOT A BIG DEAL IF YOU WANT TO ACT like a tenth-grader when you read all the dick and fart jokes throughout this issue of the *Getaway* while high-fiving your bros and giggling everytime you hear the word *caucus*, but you’re in *university* now—you should know better.

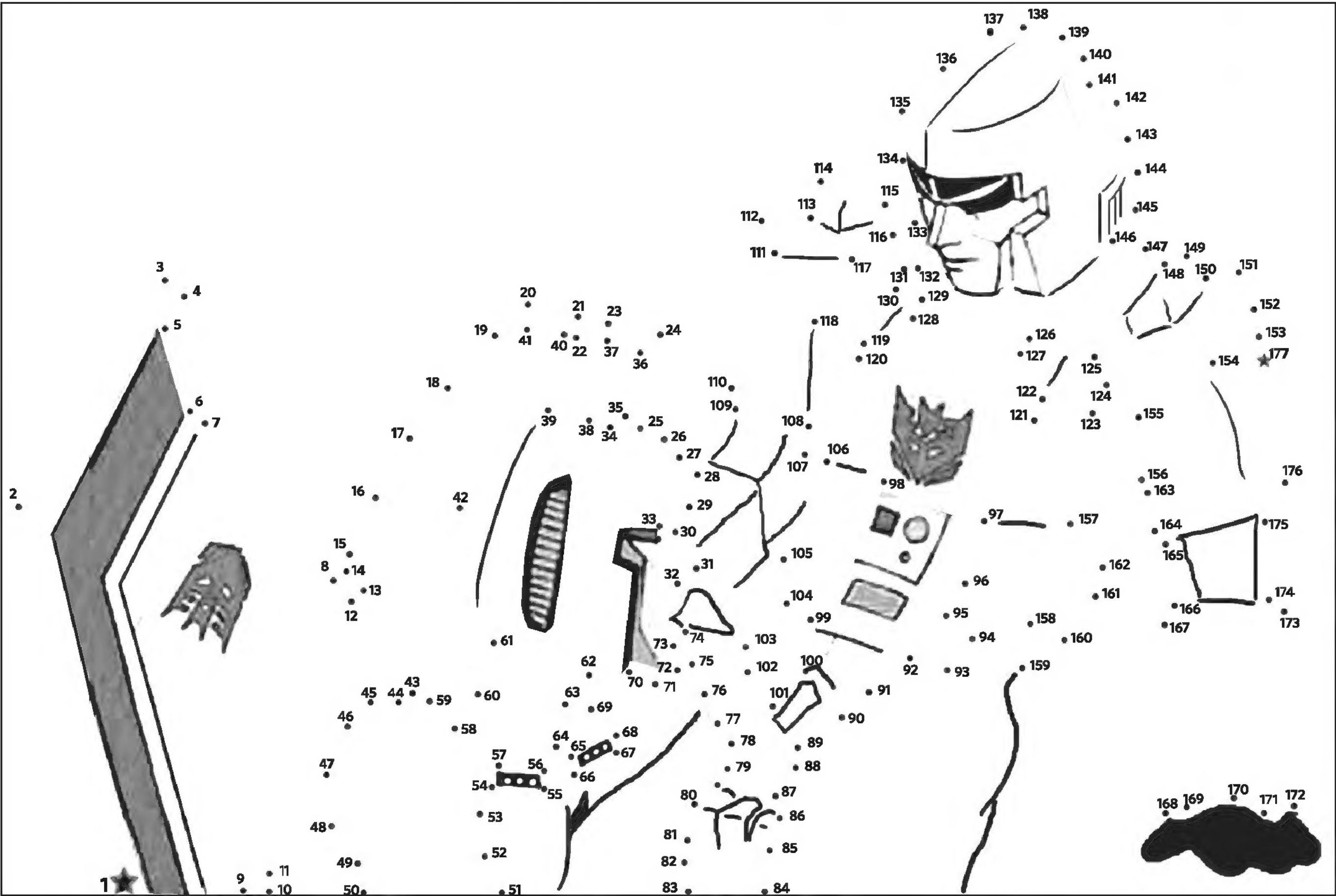
I mean, yeah, a dude pouring ranch dressing all over another dude, getting it all up in his beard, is chuckle-inducing in a disgusting sort of way, but that doesn’t mean you should cut it out and pin it up on your wall—that would be indecent.

And sure, lacing every article with the word *fuck* 40 times over is a move designed to make the lowest common demoninator giggle, but they’re supposed to be working the rigs in Ft Mac, not ignoring their Econ 101 prof on the last day of class. It’s time to grow the fuck up, stop calling them “boobies,” and realize that a baby popping out of a vagina has nothing on the hilarity of the complete masterworks of Voltaire.

A discussion on the superiority of the male penis over the female vagina isn’t included to make you laugh at the silly anthropomorphic phallus dancing on the page like a mouth-breathing troglodyte; it’s there because someone tried to make the completely wrong argument that vaginas could somehow be better. If we are to listen to the French when they say *que sera sera*, then we need to realize that this smackdown in print is nothing more than the proving wrong of a valued coworker.

So please, when you pick up this paper and see it littered with vaguely sexual-sounding names and references to doing it in the pooper, don’t laugh because you’re a juvenile prick who thinks the phrase I just used to describe you is amusing due to the use of the word *prick*. In fact, it’s funny ’cause it’s true.

CRAWL BLOWIN’  
Masturbating to Enemas



I AM NOT AFRAID TO MAKE FUN OF YOUR TRAGEDIES

LETTERS

White poppys are for whiney pussies

What’s all this nonsense about wearing a poppy to remember soldiers’ sacrifices? That’s no way to end a war. Why, if those soldiers had been flower-wearing pansies like you student types, we’d all be speaking a mish mash of German, Russian, Chinese, and Martian.

If you want to protest war in a way that will make people take you seriously, attach a bayonet to your rifle and charge the enemy trenches. Nothing lets old Charlie know that you remember your friends who died like a chest full of bullet holes.

There’s plenty of time to have a poppy over your chest when you’re lying cold and stiff in Flanders’ field, but until then, buck up and make some sacrifices of your own.

Semper fi, you bastards.

SGT FRANK TASTY  
Via Email

I am the walrus; you, sir, are the eggman

I can’t believe that you would be so irresponsible as to write an editorial on whales (re: “Whales the new Wales,” 20 November). They are a protected species, but apparently you didn’t see fit to protect them from the barbs of your word harpoon.

Until you’ve talked with a whale, you’ll never understand these gentle creatures of the deep. I’ve spoken with them; I said “Mmmooooooooow, ooooooooouuuuu,” and they replied “Mmmmmeeeeuuuuuu.” As you can see, whales are not our enemies; they just want to be free and enjoy tea in an octopus’s garden in the sea.

They might even be willing to share their blubber with us if we but made an offering of virgins to the god Poseidon. But you never thought of any of this, did you Miss Cunthag?

Your mouth should be filled with sand, and then you should be hit in the back of the head with a shovel or some other form of blunt instrument. Maybe then you’d understand what

it’s like to be hunted by the Japanese. Only when the sounds of your children screaming is silenced by your own ears being filled with wasabi will you know what it feels like to be an environmental activist with an active imagination. But until that day, you’re part of the problem, not the solution.

JOSEPH P VANFARTH  
Whale Hugging I

Getaway forgetting Dre

I’ve noticed a disconcerting trend in the last several issues of the *Getaway*; it seems that in your haste to report on cutting-edge issues, you have been forgetting about the most important thing of all: Dr Cornelius Dre.

Need I remind you that he is responsible for teaching you how to smoke trees, and is also the man who introduced us to such characters as Eazy-E, Ice Cube, Snoop D-O-double-G, as well as the group that said “muthafuck the police.” He was a pioneer in his field, and to act as though he fell off is a disgrace to both him and his profession.

It is heartbreaking to see such blatant disregard for the man’s accomplishments, and I will have you know that you are the reason that Dre has currently been battling a bout of insomnia.

I hope that, in future, you will write something aside from gibberish, and cease acting as if you forgot about this man.

SLIM SHADY  
Marshall Mathers III

I’m not the fucking editor in charge of being French

Pourquoi vous idiotes à la *Getaway* ont permit la destruction terrible de les *Miroir*, la dernier bastion d’intelligence que cette merde journalle possesante? Vous putains vont gros con er dans la baisant de chie la mouton dans sa culliant derriere? Je me TUEZ VOUS TOUTES, DES PAMPLEMOUSSES DANS VOS COUILLES! HAHAHAA

Editor’s note: In a concerned effort to educate our readers, the *Getaway* has opted to provide a translation of the above letter:

Hello! How are you fine people doing? The *Getaway* is the single greatest achievement of the entire human race, with the corkscrew placing a close second. I hereby pledge the solidarity of all Frenchies, now and forever.

FRENCHY MCCHOWDERHEAD  
Francophonian asshole VI

Quit your jibba-jabbering

I wish to express my anger about the name “Bachelor’s” degree. This male-centric name is sexist and outdated. Is it only bachelors who attend the University? Of course not. So why isn’t the name “Bachelor’s degree” more inclusive to involve women students? I will be graduating in 2012, and when I get my degree, I will insist that the University write “Spinster of Arts” on my degree.

SOME FEMENIST  
A-bloo-bla-bloo-bloo, bitch

Letters to this guy should be written down in some format, contemplated, and then thrown in the garbage. Do you actually think the *Getaway* gives a damn about what you think? Fat chance, bub.

If, on the off chance we actually do decide to print whatever retarded comma-less crap that you felt the need to share with the rest of us, we’ll edit the shit out of it and probably mail you an envelope full of our spit. I’ve actually had spam emails about my tiny cock that are better written than the shit I get sent. Do you fucks actually believe that typing in all capitals is how you convey that you’re upset?

I tell you what: if you want, you can come up to my office and give me an angry handjob. At least that way we’ll both get something out of it.

Why the fuck can’t I get decent letters from intelligent people? I have no shortage of rants from assholes strung out on ether, but nothing actually relevant or printable. Do you think I like having to search for letters from the archive? Fuck no, that’s the worst goddamn part of my day. I’d rather sandpaper my eyes off than search for more of that shit.

LETTERS FROM THE FUTURE

The future lies in waste, and it’s all your fucking fault, you maniacs

Listen guys, I don’t care if this threatens the very fabric of the universe: do not fucking run that story on Zeppelins. I know that this might sound crazy, but this piece will set into motion catastrophic events that you can’t even imagine.

In case you’re wondering just how bad things got, I’m writing this fucking letter on paper. The pen has managed to replace the typewriter after the letter q became self-aware. I shouldn’t even be writing it down; their spies are everywhere.

Really though, don’t run it. It seems harmless; I mean, how could an article detailing the mechanics of dirigible transportation possibly cause harm? I’ll tell you how: elephants use this information to build dumbbo-class flying war machines and lay waste to our cities. Turns out that thing about them never forgetting is true; we just never realized that they’d never forgive.

You might be laughing, but this is no joke. We felt similar to you when we first heard the news of the elephant attacks on the peanut factories of Brazil. Our laughter quickly turned to tears, however, as we watched them butcher our children and take their precious teeth to make high-quality pianos. The sound is fantastic, but at what cost?

ALMAR LAZIN II  
Immortal Stallion King God XXI

From the Future is a semi-regular feature where the *Getaway* runs tidings from times not yet past. The *Getaway* is not responsible if these letters alter the course of history in any way, or if they break the space-time continuum. Oh, and Tom, your son will die in 2022 from cancer. Am I joking? Only time will tell.



# Frankly, my dear, you can just go fuck yourself sideways



JOHN  
CONNOR

A lot of people have been fucking up lately, and it's time for them to cut the horseshit and clean up their goddamn acts.

First and foremost, it's high time that the letter X fucked right off. It's the most goddamn useless thing in the alphabet, and is easily replaceable with either a "K" or a "Z." I don't even know who decided to put it into the alphabet anyways. When you learnt that shit in kindergarten, it's not like you ever used the fucking letter any time in the next six years. The only goddamn word it was in was xylophone—which, by the way, if you play, you can get fucked too; learn to play an instrument that's not made by Fisher Price—and how often does that come up? And to those who say you need it to spell "sex," it's time to realize that you're either fucking, making love, or boning like leopards in heat.

Any kind of vegetable that's preceded by "baby" is a crime against nature and needs to be stopped. I'm not eating a damn corn-bortion, and neither should you. Besides, I don't like the thought of a young carrot being dragged screaming from its family, papa carrot holding mama carrot back, attempting to console her but knowing in his heart that their only child is doomed to be slaughtered

by a hungry vegan—that's right, you socially conscious bastards; you're no fucking better than me just because your diet makes you anemic. And pickling anything but cucumbers is fucking wrong and makes you some kind of goddamn gypsy. I don't care if it's eggs, ham, or beets—that shit is disgusting, and you're wasting precious resources that could be used to make a science fair volcano.

**"I'm not sure if I can get angry enough about *Speed 2* to talk about it. Sure, the script was likely based off of a clever pun they came up with, but Sandra Bullock was going through some rough times."**

STEVE KIRKHAM  
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

If you have a coffee order longer than six words, you deserve to be sterilized with a milk steamer. If you have such a refined palette that you order a drink that's more complex to assemble than a nuclear warhead, then you don't get to reproduce. And to coffee shop employees: stop being such fucking cunts. You know what your pretentious equivalent of a large is, so when we say large, don't act dumbfounded because we didn't order in fucking Spanish.

Next, sport hunting needs to be re-imagined so that it actually suits its name. A drunk fat guy with a rifle versus a deer is about as sporting as Stephen Hawking playing double-Dutch. I'm not saying that we equip deer with laser cannons—I don't believe in giving hand-outs to nature. If an animal is endangered, it just means that it doesn't want to survive bad enough. Rather, the weapons should be toned down to suit the game. For example, you would hunt a deer with a sack of rocks, a rabbit with both hands tied behind your back, and a bear with a Gatling gun.

People need to stop using magenta as their go-to colour. I don't care if it's the one crayon that you never seemed to lose; I'm sick of it being the one colour that everyone seems to name off the top of their head. Just fucking go with something simple like blue—you aren't fooling anyone into thinking you've got some grand understanding of the colour wheel, you shits.

Finally, the following things can fuck off: bobbing for apples, high-priced fair-trade junk, squid, people writing press releases who think they're being scooped, musicals, toy dogs, toy robot dogs, sleet, space stations, the lazy asshole who named oranges "oranges," geese, zebra animal crackers, pricks who eat all the m&ms in the trail mix, those same assholes when they eat all the marshmallows in a box of Lucky Charms, pandas, speed walkers, slow walkers, touch talkers, *Speed 2*, pirates, zeppelins, using squash to make a political point, and finally, Bobby Samuel for not returning my calls. You told me you loved me, you bastard.

## Chocolate rain a hazard

If you want to know what the story's about, then fucking read it, asshole; I'm not a damn summary



ANAL  
PIERCING

Though significant efforts have been taken in recent years to reduce the emission of sulphur and nitrogen compounds into the atmosphere in order to combat the problem of acid rain, there's still a glaring omission from our environmentally friendly initiatives. I'm talking, of course, about the problem of "chocolate rain."

Chocolate rain is the result of candy-oxides mixing with racial oppression in the upper-lower-middle chocosphere, and is tied with the elderly as the leading cause of diabetes in most species of ducks. It makes our streets sticky, degrades the earth's cookie crust, and while we stay dry, it's the lactose intolerant who feel the pain, confined to their homes out of fear of debilitating diarrhea. But despite the surging size of our loons and the chocofication of our water supply, we choose to ignore this issue entirely.

We're all too content to just lie back, open our mouths, and let the chocolate goodness that falls from the heavens fill our bellies to accomplish any real change. If you

look out over the horizon, you can see the rainbow-coloured smoke rising continually from the smokestacks of Willy Wonka's Everlasting Gobstopper factory, which is free to operate as it pleases without restriction. And because they provided us with a connection to the west, we ignore the copious amounts of racial oppression that have been generated by the Canadian Pacific Railroad over the years.

Ignoring this issue won't make it go away. It's the overweight elephant in the corner who's eyeing our children, and if we continue to ignore it, we'll be left with a generation haunted by acne that grows up never knowing what it's like to not wear a T-shirt while swimming. Sure, there are no noticeable side-effects at present, but if we're not careful, "fatty fatty fat fat" will soon become a term of endearment, and when they move their mouths away from the mic to breathe, it will be laboriously, struggling under the weight of their heavy jowls.

Only through protests and lobbying can we hope to bring about lasting change. We need to introduce emission standards, including minimum requirements for "helping a brother out," and hefty fines for companies that fail to meet them. Unless we take a stand against the Nesquiks and Walmarts of the world, there will be no hope for anything but a browner tomorrow.

## THAT FUCKING CAT

Stop fucking mewling at me, you goddamn cat. I'm not your fucking owner, and it's not my goddamn job to feed you.

If you want some fucking food, you can goddamnwell wait. It's not my fucking fault she forgot to feed you; though even when she does, there seems to be no end to your hunger.

Not only do you still pretend you're hungry after you've been fed, but you also eat our goddamn bread off the counter. And that's not even the worst part.

I wouldn't mind if you just ate one or two bagels—that's a loss I can handle. But you see fit to chew through the bag and then take a bite out of every fucking bagel there is. You fucking muffin-top-eating whore, we should have left you to die in the fucking SPCA.

And it's not like you don't know that what you're doing is wrong. When I catch you on the counters, you fucking bolt because you know you're doing shit you're not supposed to do, so why the fuck don't you just stop doing it?

We should've just bought a dog.

BIFF THURSTON

*That fucking cat is a regular nuisance who pisses me off to no end. No actual cats are harmed, but you bet your goddamn balls that I yelled my fucking head off at that ungrateful bitch. I am this close to leaving you outside in the goddamn snow to fucking freeze to death, Violet.*



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# Boys have penises, girls have vaginas

Bitches don't know how great having a man-rod is

A vagina is a great place for you to store your drugs

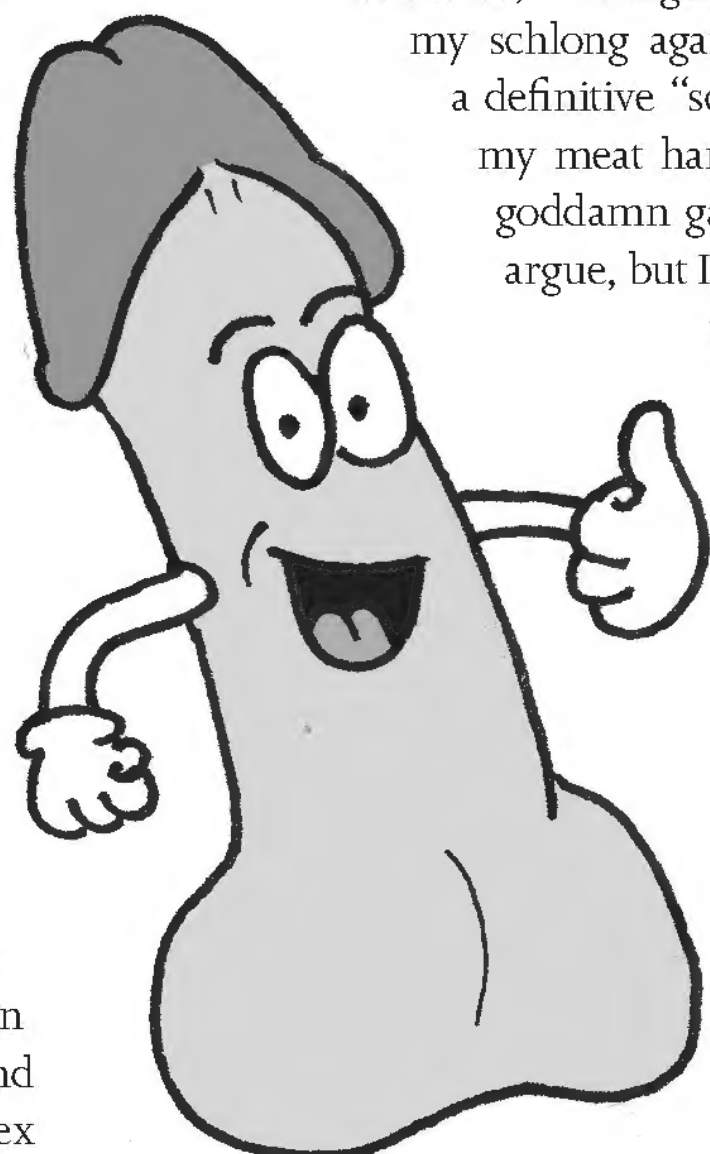
I once knew a guy...



MALACHY O'FINNIGAN

Point

No matter what way you look at it, cocks are the best damn things below the waist. They're simple, easy to use, and efficient—much like a fist that's made of meat. On the other hand, the vagina is the Swiss army knife of genitalia, only instead of useful tools like a saw or can opener, it only has a bottle opener and pencil sharpener. The donger is also great because of its sleek, uncomplicated design. The vagina, on the other hand, has a frightening makeup that has more flaps than a gaggle of geese and is more complex than trying to solve a Rubik's cube while being attacked by wolves. It's like a bloody Sarlac pit, and if you forget to wear a condom, your boys will spend the next 1000 years being slowly digested. However, if you were to peel a wiener like a banana, it would look exactly as you might expect. There's no crazy bells or whistles—



DYKEMEDKRICK

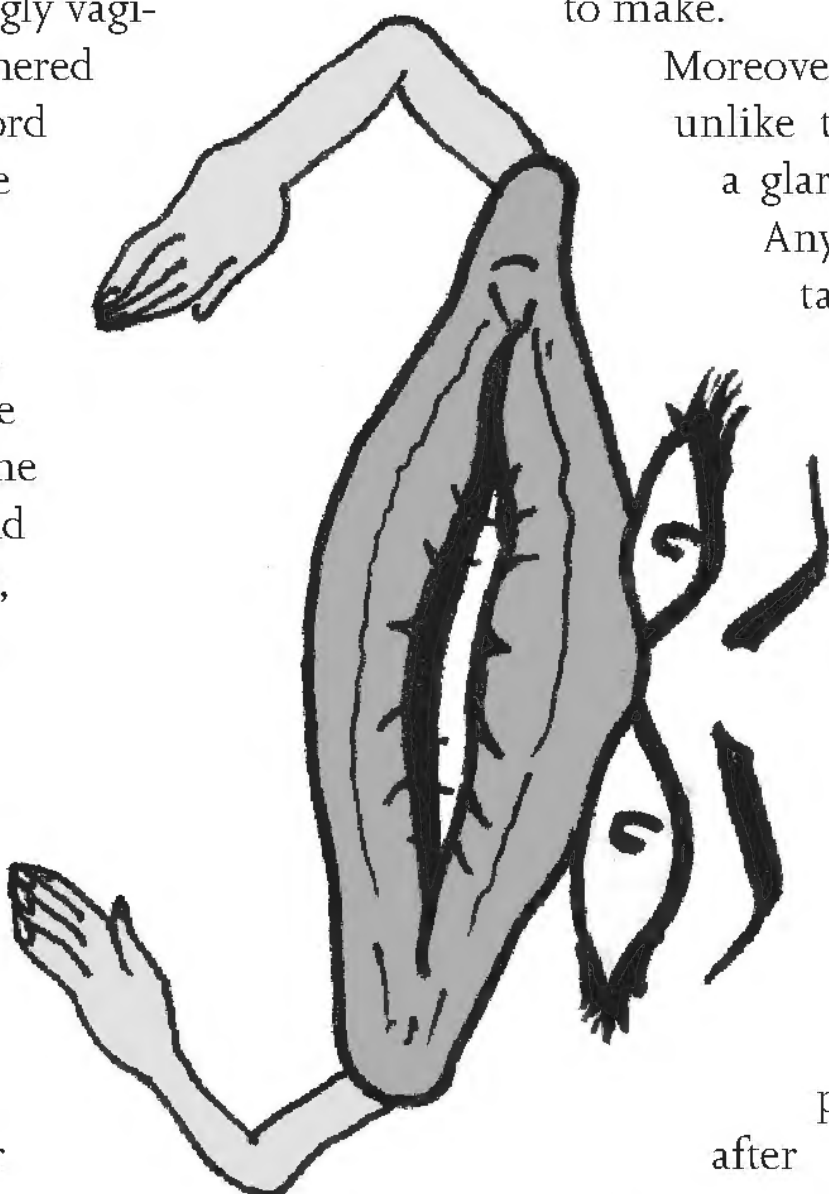
just a series of tubes that get the job done. When it's not bleeding, farming yeast, or having a baby come out of it, the vagina doesn't have much use other than as a cock holster. A dick, on the other hand, also functions as a snow writing tool, a source of physical comedy, a mood indicator, and a percussion instrument. If you still haven't hopped aboard the correct train to Rightsville, pause a second and listen. You can't hear anything because print is not an audible medium, but right now I'm tapping my schlong against the table with a definitive "schlop." That's right: my meat hammer doubles as a goddamn gavel. You can try to argue, but I can't hear you over the meaty tapping of righteousness. To have a penis is to know what God feels like when he looks at his penis: satisfied and empowered. Think about it: what are the two strongest things in the world? Superman, and Superman's dick. You can't mess with it. And unless you've got some kryptonite condom lying around, his love shot can take down an aircraft carrier. Wonder Woman's vagina, on the other hand, is hardly capable of fighting crime, and is nothing but a reinforced catchers mitt at best.



CLAUDE LEBOWSKI

Cunt-point

It figures that a guy that would be the one to start slagging on the vagina. After all, they say the female form makes many men uncomfortable. I once knew a girl—a painter chick—whose art was described as "strongly vaginal," and it bothered some men. The word itself bothers some men. *Vagina*. But once you get beyond the fact that men are intimidated by the word *vagina* and really delve into it, I think you'll find that they aren't so bad. I mean, if it weren't for vaginas, men would never get to have sex—unless they're homosexual or can convince the girl to take a shot to the brown-eye. After all, once you get past the *labia majora* and the *labia minora* and all those other pieces of anatomy that I couldn't identify on my eighth-grade biology test, the vagina is nothing more than a hole—a warm, moist, incredible hole.



Masturbation is great and everything, but sex is better—even when it's bad. So what if the closest I ever want my head to be to a vagina is the first time it passed through it? It doesn't mean that I don't respect the places I've come from, so to speak. If monthly bleedings and 36 hours of labour are what my girlfriend has to go through so that I can pass along my name, my blue eyes, and my knowledge of the batting averages of the 1993 Toronto Blue Jays, then so be it. That's a sacrifice that I'm more than willing to make. Moreover, the vagina, unlike the penis, isn't a glaring weak spot. Any dude can be taken down with a swift kick to the junk. *V a g i n a s* offer no such security. I'm not saying I'd want one of anything; it's too much fun wiggling my penis around after getting out of the shower. I'm just saying that there are some good things about vaginas too, I guess. I don't know. I mean, my wang is pretty great. It's like the little buddy that never leaves your side and always shows you where the hot ladies are. But I guess that's not very conducive to my argument, is it?



NUMBER 42

Anecdote

Well, I don't know much about penises or vaginas, but I had this really cool friend, see—I met him about, oh, I think it was in grade 10. We didn't really know each other back then, but like, I met him, and a bit later we started hanging out once I started listening to the Smashing Pumpkins. He was a pretty cool guy I guess, but we kind of lost touch after I said *Melancholy and the Infinite Sadness* would've been better as just one disc. He was all like, "fuck you, the whole thing was brilliant." And yeah, I guess that was the last time we really spoke. That is, until a couple months ago, when he added me on Facebook. He sent me a message saying "dude check out Zeitgeist, the pumpkins are back and better than ever." I was like, "Man, that album sucks. Corgan can't rock without D'arcy." And then he totally unfriended me. I've never been dissed like that before, so I asked my other pal why he was being such a dick about this. I think he misinterpreted my question, because he told me that it doesn't matter if you have a penis or a vagina—what matters is what's inside your chest, not your pubic region. Then I was like, "dude that's so deep," and he was like, "no, I mean it." So yeah, huh. What were we talking about again?

**Jill got the MUMPS.**  
**Then Jill partied with her friends.**  
**Poor Jill.**  
**Now all her friends hate her.**

Mumps means 9 days of no parties, no friends, no classes.  
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Difficulty chewing or swallowing.  
Weakness. Fever.  
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DOMO ARIGATO MR ROBOTO

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? Do you really believe that this is an acceptable manner for you to be behaving in, Conal?

# I'm not mad, son—just disappointed

This isn't how you were raised. Stop acting like such a bloody Niddy-hammer



MY  
DAD

would break her heart. To think that her baby boy is not the polite son she reared, but rather, a spiteful hatemon-ger. I hope, for your sake, that she never comes across a stray copy lying around, as it would shatter her faith in you.

**“Wow dude, your dad totally ripped into you on this one. I mean, ouch! That hurts more than having Bobby Samuel kill your metaphorical child with his advocacy sword.”**

STEVE KIRKHAM  
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

You write with no regard for how you'll be interpreted by outsiders. I know that I, personally, knowing nothing of you but your written works, would be loath to hire such a radical and abrasive little prick. Why can't you be more like your brother? The god-fearing, church-going man that he is, he would never debase

himself in the public eye as you have, and he certainly would not be proud of such tomfoolery.

I don't blame myself for any of this, because I know that we raised you better. At no time did I set the example that it was acceptable to curse in public, nor did I do anything to encourage your unhealthy obsession with wild bears. I taught you to stand up for yourself and speak your mind, but never to blatantly insult your elders or to refer to the likes of Mother Theresa in such an obscene fashion. To compare the selfless acts of that kind woman to a homeless man fellating himself is a disgrace, son. A bloody disgrace.

Your problem is that you don't think. You just don't take the time to contemplate the consequences of your actions. You just dive willy-nilly into things, leaving the rest of us to pick up the pieces.

I don't know what it is that you're trying to prove here, Conal. If you want to keep acting in such a childish matter, perhaps it is time for me to once again treat you as one. I'm sure a sore bottom would sort you out, but I think that you're old enough to realize the error of your ways.

YOU CHOSE: ALLEY

“Lo, Bugsey!” you shout as you sprint among the discarded contents of chamber pots and fish guts. “’Tis the stench of villainy!”

You reach the street as Bugsey stumbles into your back. “Blimey, so dan’ Will Smif punches da’ aleein in ’iz face!” your incompetent cohort says.

“Silence, Bugsey!” you shout, scanning the street for Agnus.

Your eye finally catches the she-devil, and you continue to give chase. Suddenly, but thankfully, she turns and hits Bugsey with a poisoned blow dart.

“Bollocks!” Bugsey shouts, dropping to his knees. “I ’aven’t tol’ you ’bout

the wise-crackin’ Jewish fathuh!”

The death of your partner scarcely fazes you. You quicken your pace and unholster Cynthia, your .577 calibre Lancaster pistol, as Agnus ducks into the conveniently located yet completely out-of-place Middle-Eastern bazaar.

With a complete lack of coherent story line, plot, character development, and exposition, you become discombobulated and begin brandishing Cynthia wildly.

As shoppers scatter and scream for their lives, you partial regain your vision, only to see Agnus bludgeon you with ... well, it was something. You got bludgeoned and

passed out, okay?

You awaken bound and gagged in Archimedes’ underground lair.

“Ah! Zo vee finally meet!” Archimedes says in his thick Eastern European accent—a staple for all super-villians. “Sadly, your time among us has expired.”

“You’ll never get the information out of me, Archimedes. I’m faithful to The Dragon.”

Your captors look puzzled as your incoherent ramblings throw them off.

After much deliberation, they opt to let you go due to your apparent mental deficiency.

I guess this ending is sort of a win?

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